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H O U S E S  
IN WHICH  
THE REMEY FAMILY  
THEIR FOREBEARS AND CHILDREN  
HAVE LIVED  
A Family Chronicle

Illustrated with plans and elevations reconstructed from drawings and descriptions in letters and reminiscences and from visiting such of these houses that still stand and from his own memory in addition to which are photographs of several of these houses together with a written description of the family life in these houses

by  
Charles Mason Remey  
1957

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Remey, Charles Mason, 1874-

Houses in which the Remey family, their forebears, and their children have lived. [n. p.] 1957.

2 v. mounted illus., port., facsim., plans. 28 cm. [His Remey family records]

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THIS RECORD OF HOUSES IS IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

CONTAINS THE WRITTEN TEXT EXPLANATORY OF  
THE DRAWINGS - PLANS, ELEVATIONS AND SECTIONS  
OF THE HOUSES  
WHICH SETS OF DESIGNS ARE ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY  
IN THE SAME ORDER AS PRESENTED IN THE TEXT.

VOLUME TWO

CONTAINS REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HOUSE  
ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE IN WASHINGTON  
WHERE THE MOTHER OF THE PRESENT GENERATION  
OF THE REMEY FAMILY  
MARY JOSEPHINE MASON REMEY  
SPENT HER LAST YEARS  
IN ADDITION TO WHICH IS A SERIES OF VIEWS  
OF THE HOUSE AT 10 PERSIAN STREET, HAIFA, ISRAEL  
WHERE CHARLES MASON REMEY  
PRESIDENT OF THE BAHA'I INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL  
NOW LIVES TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL OTHER  
MEMBERS OF THIS BODY

A. D. 1958



## H O U S E S

Houses for human habitation are in themselves records in timber, brick and stone of the manner of life of the people who built and lived in them. Thus now, in these modern days, excavations are being made of the remains of buildings of civilizations that disappeared thousands of years ago and from these ruins archaeologists are now able to reconstruct the story of the lives of the builders of these houses, and their manner of life thus giving us a mental picture of human life and relations in those times past millenniums ago.

I who am a builder by avocation and an architect by profession write this particular family chronicle describing the life of my family in the various houses in which they have lived together with plans and other drawings of those houses telling from my own remembrance and from the family traditions that I heard in my childhood talked over by my elders of the family life in those houses, thus making this record to add to the other Remy Family records that I have so enjoyed compiling.

The family of Remy has lived in many houses. The first house in which they lived was a small one, built by the grandfather of the first Remy. It was a simple house, but it was a home. The second house was a larger one, built by the father of the first Remy. It was a more comfortable house, but it was still a home. The third house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The fourth house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The fifth house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The sixth house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The seventh house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The eighth house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The ninth house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home. The tenth house was a very large one, built by the first Remy. It was a magnificent house, but it was still a home.







HOUSES IN WHICH THE REMEY FAMILY  
AND THEIR FOREBEARS HAVE LIVED.

The manner of life of families is recorded and registered in this treatise starting with the early log cabin era through the pre-Colonial, the Colonial and Classic Greek Revival periods and the Victorian eras that were in turn followed by an era of all sorts of styles of houses of the latter part of the 19th century and well on into the first decades of this 20th century that are superseded by this new modern style of construction now in vogue rapidly spreading the world around.

Thus in recording the history of the Remey Family I add this folio descriptive of these of the houses of which records are obtainable in which I and my forebears have lived since our migration from Europe to America in the seventeenth century.

The record of these houses is very meager prior to the early decades of the nineteenth century but from then on for the past 160 years or so this house record is more full giving not only a glimpse into the manner of housing and the needs of life such as protection from the weather and the preparations and housing of food and other necessities but of the gradual coming into the life of the family of many luxuries. Thus the cultural life of the family is seen to advance when once we were out of the pioneer stage of life in this country. That which seems to be an uncalled for luxury by one generation becomes a necessity to the coming generation.

For example, as a boy my brother John one day remarked in the family circle that that which seemed good enough to his parents he did not consider to be good enough for himself, adding that by such reasoning the world progressed. My father immediately took up this point lamenting the demands of the younger generation, whereupon John replied: "Well Father, your father was satisfied with a house without a bathroom - would you be satisfied now without a bathroom?" My father replied that he would make an exception in his attitude when it came to bathrooms. So we all had a good family laugh over the argument. And so it has been with the houses in which our family has lived in America. Like most American families with us each successive generation has had household luxuries that were unthought of by the former generation.





But now that we are well into the atomic age and have not yet been able to safeguard ourselves and humanity in general against the misuse and the annihilating dangers of recent discoveries, there is a question in the minds of some of us as to the immediate future of mankind and the continued progress of our modern civilization as particularly exemplified in America now in these days for the Atomic World War III that threatens us may well reverse our rapid progress of the past decades and set the world of humanity back in its development - a way far back.

In Plymouth, Massachusetts stands the old John Howland House of Mayflower Pilgrim days built by that Pilgrim Father in 1667 and restored in recent times by some of his descendants of the "Pilgrim John Howland Society" of which my father was a member, his line of descent being through his mother, Eliza Smith Howland, a descendant of John Howland who was the last of the Pilgrim Fathers.

This house, pre-colonial in style and character, is said to be the only building now extant that gave shelter to groups of the Pilgrim Fathers and their Social life.

The log house of great grandfather Chauncey Mason at Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, was built in the late 1790s when he migrated thither from Connecticut into that new country then known as "The Western Reserve." There in a valley upon the through road from Pompey Center to Pompey Hill this maternal paternal great grandfather of the present generation of the Remy family built his log cabin where his younger children were born, that included their grandfather, Charles Mason. A memorial marker upon the road side indicates where this cabin stood. Some years later, a heavily timbered house was built upon higher land near the log cabin. Here Chauncey Mason lived until his death in the early 1860s.

At the present date, nothing of the original log cabin remains. I, as a boy in Pompey in the latter 1880s, remember the foundation stones that still supported some of the cut down log walls of the cabin - then open to the sky and used as a sty for pigs, while near by were traces of the remains of a well curb laid with rough stones that have since then disappeared. As a child, I remember hearing my great Aunt Maria Mason Crandall describe the "well sweep", an upright forked trunk of a tree balancing within the fork the long and straight sweep, one end of which was weighted with a stone attached to it with thongs,





while attached to the other or upper end was a slender pole with a wooden bucket that was lowered by hand down into the well to bring up the water that was emptied into a trough dug out from a log from which the cattle drank while that for family use was carried into the near by cabin.

The accompanying plan and elevations of this log cabin I have made from my memory of the foundations of the cabin and from what my great Aunt Maria told me as a boy. In my 11th and 13th years, we as a family, spent long summers in Pompey. My great aunt was then in her 90s and fond of relating incidents of her childhood. She was a good talker and gave very vivid descriptions of things of the past although she was often vague and uncertain in speaking of very recent events.

Crude and primitive as was this log house life of Chauncey Mason and his family now seems to us, his great grandchildren, to them it was the beginning of a better life more prosperous than the conditions under which they had lived in Connecticut. Following the Revolution, in which war they lost practically everything, at its close they found themselves in dire want, great grandfather Chauncey Mason's father and eldest brother having both died of scurvy after their capture by the British and a long confinement in a prison hulk in New York Harbor. But this is a long story that I mention at more length in other family records.

The house built by great grandfather Chauncey Mason like timber houses in America in those early days of the 19th century, was of heavy framed timber known later as "Barn Construction", with the corner posts of the house (sometimes ten or twelve inches square) that projected into the rooms with the framing showing on the interior along the ceilings, in principle such as one sees in these days in our modern apartment buildings, where the walls are thin in comparison with the heavy steel and concrete frames of the building.

This house was similar in plan and design to many of the Pompey farm houses of that same date. While the stone chimneys of the log cabin were almost always built into the outside wall of the cabin, those of the early houses there in that climate of long and cold winters, were invariably built still of stone but in the center of the houses between rooms in order to conserve heat as much as possible.





The Chauncey Mason House was sold by the family years before I was born but as a boy I remember going there and being shown the interior. The new owners improved the place and again recently only two or three years ago, I went there and explaining my interest in the house, the owner showed me about on the main and attic floors of the place, so I feel that this accompanying sketch of the house that I have reproduced here gives a fairly accurate idea of the original house. Recently I have heard from relatives that the present owner intends razing the old house and building a modern house on the site.

In Pompey as well as in the neighboring parts of central New York State that were settled at about the same time, following the pioneer stage of the log cabin began the Classic revival period of building in about 1820, and this period continued on until the Victorian Eras. This Classic revival period extended throughout the eastern states and on into the South and as far west as the Mississippi but in no part of the country were there more beautifully designed and detailed houses of this epoch than can be found in Central New York State, along the Mohawk Valley and west through the Finger Lake District.

Even in the farm country of Pompey where the home owners were working farmers of modest means, there were a few houses with the tall two story classic Greek columns but in these farming districts for the most part the houses were of more simple design, nevertheless of classic proportions with nicely detailed cornices, doors and often pilaster treatments that conserved this classic character of those days. This classic period not only inspired the buildings of this region. The towns have classic names such as Syracuse, Utica, Ithaca, Fabius, Tulley, Pompey, Marcellus, Manlius, Homer, Virgil, Cicero and others. It was a period of classic architectural refinement that bloomed and blossomed and then passed away with the coming of the Early Victorian time.

During the ensuing period of building, many of these old classic houses were remodeled, rebuilt and ruined and this devastation has continued on until even more recent times. Now in cases where the originals have not been too much changed or demolished to allow of restoration to their original style, some home owners of good taste are putting things back as best they are able into harmony with the original simple and dignified classic style.

One of the few examples of such in Pompey, Onondaga





County is the Carr House built in 1796 near Water Vale, now owned by Mason Brown, my second cousin once removed - a Chauncey Mason descendant. Fortunately this nice old mansion remains intact with its two story pilasters (the columns of the portico of the wing of the house are one story in height) with its original chimney mantels. The interior corner posts, fluted and with capitals that are of a pseudo-classic style of local workmanship, were never altered nor changed. In time some people were realizing the beauty of the old style; so when Mason and his wife Esther improved and modernized the interior of their house, they did it in harmony with the original style, making a very good job of it. The Mason Brown place is one of the very few old classic houses of Pompey that still retains its original character.

It is to be noted in the cultural history of America that the early settlers of the part of this country that I write should suddenly, from the log cabin epoch, have stepped into the classic revival period of building with its exquisite refinements - then when this comparatively short period was over, to have gone backward into a long period of mediocre styles that have continued on to this present time, none of which are comparable to the architectural purity and excellence of that comparatively short-lived classic revival period - the decline from which in taste and culture has ever since been one continuous movement of architectural degeneration.

As with houses for habitation, so with houses for religious worship. The old church with the high steeple on Pompey Hill that was built in 1817 (destroyed by fire in recent times) was one of the outstanding churches of that period in this country. From the accompanying picture of a measured drawing of the facade of this church will be seen a resemblance to the typical New England Church of this same and even earlier period. Many of the Chauncey Mason descendants worshipped there, including the Remey family, during their summers on Pompey Hill at times from 1885 to 1895.

Chauncey Mason's house had none of the finely designed classic details so characteristic of the finer houses of that Greek Revival period, for life in Pompey was still very primitive when he built his house; however, the general proportions of the house were classic and good and with very simple corner pilasters on the exterior supporting a very simple entablature showing distinctly the refinement of the times, even though being provincial in detail, was of good style. This was a one full story







house as shown in the accompanying drawing with an attic story.

Many of the Pompey houses were of two full stories with an attic above and of these a very few had the columnar high porticos amongst which were the Moore house at Pompey Center, the Morris Beard house upon the Ridge Road going north from Pompey Hill and the Bush house west of this on the road to Syracuse. The Squire Gott Mansion on Pompey Hill - quite the finest house in the township I will more fully describe later - though quite nice in detail compared with other Pompey houses did not have tall two storied columns.

In the Village cemetery on Pompey Hill with its view out over the valley and distant Oneida Lake is the family tomb of Chauncey Mason now sealed up and permanently covered by a simple monolithic slab of granite without any decoration. Upon the same plot is a long low monument to the memory of Charles Mason. Between these two stones stands a tall obelisk in the form of a cross that bears upon its face inscriptions to the Remy Family.

My grandfather, Charles Mason's entering the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1825 ended his actual farm life. Upon his graduation, commissioning and resignation from the Army he went into Law as a career. Nevertheless he always remained a farmer in thought and in ideology. This was demonstrated in his life and that of his family upon his farm at Burlington, Iowa.

Burlington then but a small town with the farm three and a half miles from the town center, was in those days of slow transportation, indeed in the country. There, before that part of the country had been surveyed, my grandfather purchased a tract of 400 acres directly from its Indian owners, later remaking the purchase from the government when the official surveys had been made.

Although my grandfather's business life was in cities and kept him traveling much of the time, his home was at his farm and from the very arrangement of the house and its surroundings, although simple and unsophisticated, the place had the elements of an establishment that spelled HOME from the arrangement of the house and garden surrounded by a grove of trees with the farm buildings at some little distance from the house, while in another direction on a hill surrounded also by the original forest trees, was the Family Burial Vault where in my childhood eight members of our immediate family rested.





Although simple and even primitive for those times, the place had the elements of an "Estate". In those early days of difficult and slow travel over bad roads that were often well nigh impassable in midwinter, it was my grandparents' custom to spend the winter months in town, either in a rented house or a hotel, a custom that in my day took us to Washington in winter and back to Burlington in summer. It was before my day that the farm was essentially the summer rather than the winter place of residence. This exigency expressed itself in the arrangement of the house itself, for with its upper and lower piazzas running the length of the east and south sides of the house, the place had quite the air of a southern country house.

For the most part the 400 acres of the farm was cultivated prairie land. The portion on which the house stood was a rise covered with a growth of primeval forest trees from which the undergrowth had been cleared. As shown on the accompanying ensemble plan, there was a fenced-in garden with flowers about the house, the ground without in the grove was used as a pasture. Some of these trees were large and spreading and in my boyhood days there were some traces of a summer house built up in one of the trees that formerly one could ascend to by stairs built around the trunk of the tree, but long before my time this construction had become unsafe and had been torn away. In my mother's childhood it was a frequent resort for her and her sisters at their play.

The construction of the house was classically simple and without any pretences. Built before the days of what later was known as "Balloon construction", it was of heavy framing known as "Barn Construction" like the early houses in Pompey and New England from whence came our family to Burlington in the middle west in the Upper Mississippi Valley.

This heavy framed construction that I have shown in the drawings of this farm house produced a certain effect that was in itself truly architectural, without any attempt whatsoever on the part of the builders to make a construction of beauty. It was so sincerely done without any attempt to produce an effect that that sincerity in itself was beautiful.

The heavy frame work of the construction was carried through the entire composition, thus making the lower and upper porches and the rooms of the house itself one organic whole. The heavy framing was so arranged that this con-





struction was equally apparent in the interior as it was upon the exterior where in the corners of the rooms and on the walls of the rooms and crossing the ceilings, were slight projections as well as where the walls and ceilings met. Thus, the construction was apparent. It was carried out in so logical a method that these structural projections in the corners, on the walls and crossing at places the ceiling together with the cornice like projecting beams in the rooms - all taken together, gave a most pleasing effect.

As a boy, I frequently went to the farm. Then the house was occupied by the tenant who had formerly lived in the tenant house near the barns. But in those days, I knew nothing about construction - all houses then to me being just houses. A cellar extended under the entire house access to which was both from within by stairs and from without by steps down to a door protected from the weather by a pair of outer doors that sloped from the ground up against the side of the foundation of the house. The stone wall of this foundation coming about two feet above the ground level.

I was greatly intrigued by this cellar from a family anecdote that my mother told me of when I was yet a small boy: During the War between the States the finances of the Union were uncertain. At this time my grandfather had in hand several thousand dollars in gold coin - I never knew the exact amount. For safe keeping, he placed this in a stone jar with a stone lid, such as was used for churning butter, and with my grandmother assisting, he buried this in the cellar at the farm. After the undertaking was accomplished, they took my mother - then in her teens - down and showed her the particular flagstone in the floor beneath which was their jar of gold.

After the war was over, this coin was dug up by my grandfather. It had been there for several years - an incident that appealed to my imagination, for in those days when I heard of this matter, Tom Sawyer was the hero that most small boys admired. Tom's home was at Hannibal, but some miles below Burlington and on the Mississippi, and in a country very like that about Burlington with the same kind of caves in the bluffs along the river with its rafts and steam boats - all that Burlington lacked that Tom Sawyer's Hannibal had was a hidden treasure - and here one had actually been right there under my grandparent's house! In my imagination that cellar was indeed a place of interest!





It was only a few years ago, after a long lapse of time, that I again visited the farm. The place had passed out of the hands of our family. The Municipal Air Port of Burlington had taken a large portion of the land. The family tomb had been moved to a plot in the City Cemetery and the northern part of the old house that contained the Library on the main floor had been torn away. Nevertheless, despite this destruction of the symmetry of the house, I was deeply moved and impressed by the classic majesty of the portion of the house that remained. Although but a portion of what it had been, there was something sincere and even grand and, above all, a spirit of pride that pervaded the place that filled me with an admiration I had never before entertained for the house. It stood out supreme above and beyond the lack of upkeep and the surrounding dilapidation, for but a very few of the surrounding trees still stood - destruction and neglect was everywhere - so when I recently heard that the present owner was razing the house to build another in its place, I was pleased at the prospect of its complete disappearance. Such is progress in this rapidly growing civilization in America!

At some indefinite time, indefinite in my mind, that might have been about in the early 1840s, a few houses were built here and there in various parts of the United States upon the plan of a regular octagon or sometimes on that of a regular hexagon. One now might well call them "stunt houses". None of these houses should be confused with "The Octagon" in Washington, D. C., built by the Taloe family, later used by President Monroe while the White House was rebuilding after it was burned by the British in the War of 1812 and now the Home of the National Institute of American Architects. Although called "The Octagon", this house plan is on the lines of an irregular hexagon with a large rounding projection upon its front side, yet it has always been called "The Octagon" without its being octagonal.

The octagonal and hexagonal houses that I write about were found in several parts of this country. As a boy in Washington, I remember two or three of this type, one of which stood in an open garden space on Phelps Place at the head of Bancroft Place. It was a frame house and, like some others of this style, has long since been razed to give ground for modern buildings.

Upon Newport Island in Rhode Island are houses of this peculiar form. The story that the old residents of Newport tell was of a man of means who, having three





sons and a considerable property upon the Island, divided his land between them and built a house for each son. One was octagonal, one square and one circular. They were all of approximately the same cubic content of size and frame, two stories in height and each surmounted by the conventional cupola of those Victorian times - one by an Octagonal cupola, one by a square cupola and the third by a round cupola. The exterior walls of these houses, as I remember them were clapboarded. I used to wonder how the clapboards were made to fit around the house that was round?

Then I have seen such houses as these in several other parts of the country but since this writing is to describe one particular octagonal house that was in Keokuk, Iowa, I will devote my attention to that one and leave others without further mention.

My mother was the youngest of my grandparents three children. In her sixth year an epidemic of diphtheria brought death to the family - her two sisters died but a few days one from the other. My grandparents were so afflicted that they wanted at least a temporary year or two away from their home, so saddened were they by this affliction. At that time, my grandfather being the Chief Justice of Iowa, was away from home much of the time. Keokuk, the nearest large town in Iowa, fifty miles from Burlington, was their choice. My grandfather had some business interests and friends there. It was not far from Burlington so he could keep in touch with home interests there and there was a good school there for my mother of seven years old to attend, with better advantages than Burlington offered.

In these days Keokuk was considered to be a very coming city as compared with Burlington. There was considerable wealth there. The houses at Keokuk of those days that were mostly built of brick, still give a picture of the early Victorian elegance of that day. As a boy, I remember being impressed by the Kilbourn house, a large three story brick house surrounded by a wall that gave it a distinction that the cast iron fence about our own town house in Burlington lacked (this house I will describe later on in this folio).

Here in Keokuk my grandparents rented a house - a house built upon the plan of a regular octagon. I was much intrigued by my mother's description of that unusual house. A two story brick house set upon a basement





story that was mostly above ground. To me, however, the most interesting feature of the place was a central circular hall space that went up through the two floors with a balcony around on the second floor. This was lighted from a central cupola on the roof. I remember questioning her about this arrangement and I still remember her description of this interior.

Years after these early impressions, upon one of my tours among the centers of the Baha'i Faith, I found myself in Keokuk, the guest of a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes - Bahais - where Mr. Holmes was manager of the principal hotel in that city - the name of which eludes me at this moment of writing. During this short stay in Keokuk, I looked the town over seeking that Octagonal House. In the outskirts of what had been the residential part of the town in my grandparents' day, I found a small octagonal house - a one story structure that was of the epoch of the house I was looking for. Then in my enquiries I found that this larger octagonal house that I was looking for had been razed and upon its site a modern apartment house had been built. However, I found a post card photograph of the original house that I attach to this article that gives some idea of this house in which my mother and her parents lived in the very early 1850s before the family took up their winter residence in Washington.

It is from this photograph and my remembrance of my mother's description of the interior of this strange house that I have drawn the plans and elevation that accompany this text. I may not have the exact arrangement of the rooms on the main floor - these, as told me by my mother were - Parlor - Dining Room and Reception Room on the main floor, with the kitchen and servants' rooms on a lower floor in the basement. Perhaps because of my Paris Beaux-Arts training I may have given this plan a French character that the original house may not have had - nevertheless, I have done it as best I could from the information in hand.

I remember my mother's saying that some of the rooms were sufficiently normal in arrangement to accomodate the furniture of the day, but that the walls of others of the rooms, those of an upstairs library and sitting room in particular, met at angles other than of 90 degrees - some more acute and some more obtuse - due to the octagonal plan, so that these interiors were impossible to furnish in a conventional manner.







But such unconventionality was but an incident of a year or two in the story of the family as registered in the houses in which our family have lived. For the most part, their houses were of the conventional type of their days with possibly the slight suggestion of unconventionality in the last two of the houses that I describe here - the house that I eventually built for my own home in Washington that had in its architecture and furnishings more of a southern European character than American in style; nevertheless, in the Mediterranean countries abroad it would be considered quite conventional, while the one in the Holy Land is somewhat oriental in style.

In 1853 my grandfather was appointed United States Commissioner of Patents by President Pierce and this was the beginning of our family life in Washington where winters were spent with the summers in Burlington, first at the farm - then later in my day, at the house in town.

During the winters that my mother and her parents spent in Washington from 1853 on they boarded with their friends, the Lawrence family, with but this exception of one winter when they lived in a rented house. This boarding arrangement continued on until I was six years old - first in the house of the Lawrences on the northeast corner of H and 10th Streets, northwest before my birth, then later in my early remembrance at 618 F Street, Northwest.

After two terms as Commissioner of Patents, my grandfather entered the practice of Patent Law in Washington in partnership with Mr. Dewitt Lawrence. He and his family were in no way related to us but because of the long friendship between us, they were quite as near to us in our family relations as were our own blood relatives. In fact, we considered them as relatives.

These two houses, the plans and elevations of which attached to this text, were typical houses then common in Washington, built on elongated lots about 25 feet wide and 110 or 120 feet deep running back to an alley in the rear. Such was the average lot in those days in what is now the down town business area of Washington.

The house on H Street had an English basement with morning and dining rooms and the kitchen in an El on the ground floor with the parlor, a small library or study and a bedroom upon the second or main floor of the





house, above which there was one full height bedroom floor with still another with a low ceiling above that. This house is still standing although much changed from its former style and shape, the lower floors now being used for business purposes.

Of the F Street house that I remember so well, nothing but the facade now remains that is incorporated into Hecht's Department Store that covers the major part of that entire square. As will be seen by the accompanying plan, this house was entered upon the main or parlor floor, there being a long double parlor separated only by a dividing beam in the ceiling with two chimney fireplaces, with the dining room, kitchen and laundry in an El running back. There was no morning or living room.

In those days one bathroom was considered sufficient for the average city house such as this. In fact, then for the most part, small dwellings in Washington had no bathrooms. The Lawrence's F Street house had running hot and cold water in stationary wash bowls in the principal bedrooms. In the smaller bedrooms, there were wash stands to and from which water was carried by hand from the bathroom that was in use to supplement the tub baths in the bedrooms. Such was considered to be quite adequate in those days and a great advance over the first houses that were built in Washington when the government was moved there from Philadelphia, fifty years before my grandparents went there to live. In those early days of Washington, not even the most luxurious mansions of the most wealthy had installed baths with running cold and hot water. The utmost of bedroom luxury then was to have a communicating dressing room of modest dimensions to and from which water, hot and cold, was carried by hand from below stairs to a small movable metal tub.

Shocked and saddened by the deaths of two of their three children, my Mason grandparents really never could settle themselves permanently in one place. Their living problem was solved by spending winters in Washington and summers in Burlington, with frequent between season visits to Pompey. Wherever they were at the time, they were always looking forward to the next move, yet throughout many years they were continually planning and looking forward toward the ideal home that they would eventually build. Following their family tragedy, they seemed to have lost the ideal of a home in the country for a city house for their home.





When I was eight or nine years old, one day I was rummaging in an upstairs storeroom where I found a roll of drawings - plans and elevations - that my grandfather had had made years before by a Washington architect for a house he was thinking of building for his home upon a lot that he owned at that time in Washington. These drawings done in pen and ink upon heavy paper were lost but from memory I have redrawn these accompanying plans and elevations with the conviction that my drawings approximate that architect's design.

The lot that my grandfather owned was on the northwest corner of Vermont Avenue and N Street, Northwest, diagonally opposite to the General Meiggs house on the southeast corner of those two streets that is a brick and stucco house in a sort of a classic style that still stands there. My grandfather's lot that consisted of four average sized building lots measured 100 feet on N Street by about 115 feet in depth, the rear width being more than the front width because here Vermont Avenue forms an obtuse angle of more than 90 degrees with N Street. This was before the Lutheran Church was built upon the opposite side of N Street. It was then thought by the nearby property holders that the triangle now covered by the Church and its Sunday School Building would be retained by the District for a public park. When my grandfather found that the present church was to go up there, and possibly for other reasons too, he abandoned his idea of building there. So this project for a house in Washington came to naught.

In time, our family house was finally built in Burlington. I remember more than once hearing my mother express regret that the house was in Burlington instead of Washington, for eventually Washington became our permanent home.

My maternal grandparents after many years of contemplative planning and looking forward to the house of their dreams, finally built that house in the town of Burlington in 1869-1870 - a house of not over many rooms but large and spacious ones for those days. For its construction they had no special architect on the job, but a local builder who had recently built a large house in Burlington for Mr. Adams, who at that time or later was Mayor of the City, so with this house as a model and also incorporating some of the elements of the architect's design for the house that was never built in Washington, the design of my grandparents house was worked out.







There was a lack of harmony in the arrangement and adjustment of ideas from such divergent sources, but on the whole the result was to the satisfaction of the family, the family not having the critical eye of a trained architect.

The house was of very good construction with double nine-inch inner and outer brick walls, with an inch or more of air space to insure dryness and to keep out the cold in winter. Even the principal interior walls were bearing walls of brick carried upon massive arches of brick and stone in the cellar below.

Like others of the Burlington houses built at that time, this house had a fully developed Mansardt roof or story, thus affording space for two full bedroom floors - much more than was needed for the family of but my grandparents and my mother; therefore, on the Mansardt floor there were but two bedrooms, the remaining space being finished off for dancing and entertaining in one large ballroom that measured almost 50 by 30 feet of floor space.

In those days in Burlington, entertaining was done at home rather than in public places - therefore, several of the large city residences had ballrooms. In my reminiscences of Life in Burlington, I mention a number of families like ourselves who had rooms for dancing - the Adams, the Carpenters, the Garretts, the Rands, the Tracys and other Burlington families - all had ballrooms, in addition to which the Adams family had a small, but for those days a somewhat complete, stage with scenery for amateur theatrical productions in their ballroom. I remember as a boy going to amateur plays there and dancing at times in all of these houses. In these latter days a ballroom in a private house would seem pretentious indeed, but in Burlington of the 1870s, such did not seem so to us. We were not surfeited with amusements as is city life of today; so people had to make their diversions and, for the most part, these affairs were at their homes.

The first season of my grandparents' family in their house opened with dancing in the ballroom, but not long afterward my grandmother died, followed by a long period of mourning that was the custom in those days; then came the death of my young brother George - and two or more years of deep mourning, and then my grandfather's death; so in my remembrance there were but few formal dances at our house.





In the accompanying small scale plan of the house and grounds, the gardens and stable are shown, the latter being one story of brick with a mansardt loft above of the same style and character as the house. A low stone wall with a coping above which a grill or fence fashioned in wrought and cast iron with gates hung from stone posts, gave a formal character to the premises that made it one of the outstanding residences of the town.

Although formal and large entertaining was rare in our Burlington house, informal hospitality was a daily matter with us. Relatives from Pompey in the east, came from time to time to make visits, some of which extended into weeks and months. At Christmas times, there was usually a tree with presents for us children and for our playmates of the neighborhood. Our birthdays were always remembered with ice cream and cake for children. Since my birthday came in May, my party was usually out upon the lawn with refreshments in the shade of the grape arbor. On one occasion, there was a children's dance in the ballroom to the music of a five pieced orchestra. I have these and many more happy remembrances of pleasures arranged for me and my brothers and sisters, by my mother.

There were the home christenings of the babies of the family as they came along which were held at home in the bay window of the south parlor where the family Baptismal bowl would be placed on an improvised altar with family, relatives, friends and the family household servants in attendance. In the case of my brother William, this sacrament was solemnized by the Bishop Perry of the Diocese of Iowa, followed by a luncheon, in the case of my sister Mary, late afternoon high tea, with the Rector of our church, Dr. Johnson, preforming the ceremony. Our family life was made up of both joyful and sad occasions. The funeral services of my little brother and grandfather held at the house stand out particularly in my child memory. I was too young to accompany the funeral party to the family burial vault at the farm.

My paternal grandfather, William Butler Remey and my grandmother Remey, whose maiden name was Eliza Smith Howland, he originally from Bardstown, Kentucky, and she from Woodstock, Vermont, were married in St. Joseph, Missouri and from there went to Burlington to establish themselves in that community. Their home was first in a house on Third Street in the lower part of the town of which there is no record, but later in about 1850 they built the house on North Fifth Street where they lived until their deaths in





the early 1870s. Their son, my uncle John T. Remey, inherited the property. He had the house razed and a somewhat larger house built upon the same lot and this house still stands there. This house I knew very well as a boy. It was built in 1874-75. I remember being told that it was practically the same in plan as the former house save that it was somewhat larger and more up to date with the Victorian convenience of a bathroom that the former house did not have. In the accompanying plan and elevation, I have reconstructed from my imagination as best I could what the former house was like - smaller and of much the same arrangement of rooms as the present house.

Unlike my Mason grandparents who, through their afflictions, took life in a very somber way, my Remey grandparents were very fond of dancing and other gaieties of life, my grandfather Remey having the reputation of being the best dancer, not only in Burlington, but in that part of the State. Although their house was not large, by moving the furniture out they gave frequent dances in their parlor and living room. Their family of six children apparently did not preclude their social activities for in my boyhood days in Burlington, I remember hearing my elders tell of the dances at the home of Major and Mrs. Remey. In her last years, my mother told me that my Grandfather Remey danced with great dignity. At the house warming dance in our Burlington house, he opened the ball with her as his partner in a Quadrill.

As these grandparents both died before my day, I know but little about their lives. Both of my grandfathers were upon the First Vestry of Christ Church Parish, Burlington. My grandfather Mason was the Senior Warden of that church for some years before his death, all of which history is attested to by memorial tablets now on the walls of that church.

In my 10th year, from Burlington, our home was transferred to the Washington Navy Yard where my father was ordered for duty, his quarters F being the third house on the right as one enters the Yard from the main gateway at the foot of 8th Street, Southeast. From memory I have made the accompanying plans and elevation of that house.

The house today looks on the outside much as it did in 1834-1836 when we lived there - save that the big upper







and lower piazzas that were there in our days, have been removed. In former times, these darkened to some extent the front rooms.

These quarters were built at an early time in the history of Washington and had been added to as will be seen by studying plans of the first bedroom floors. When first built, there were just the two parlors on the main floor with the front basement room for dining - the kitchen being below the back parlor. Later the dining room was added on the main floor and then much later, the pantry.

When first built, there was a passage way by which one entered at the left of the house to go through to the back yard of the house next door to the left - then later (it is plain to see from the additions) that this space of about three feet wide running the entire length of the house was built over so that the main bedroom floor was made to extend out over this passage below while at the time that the dining room was added the two china closets that were also extended out under this same space, the passage way passing below these two closets. It was a complicated arrangement, but by studying the accompanying drawings, one should be able to follow out these various additions and changes.

The first part of this house built must have been without a bathroom - like the other houses of those early days, but before my father's duty there, at least one bathroom per house of such dimension and style was considered to be adequate for the needs of the 1880s. I've not been in that house for a great many years. It is still the quarters of an officer on duty there and I've no doubt but that many improvements including baths have been added having the quarters to meet the requirements of these latter days.

Life at a Naval Post was a new life for our family. The ships and the shops were full of interest to me as a boy of ten years. There were a number of officers with their families living in the Yard - and in all there were at one time 23 children of my age and younger so there was plenty doing of interest to a boy of my age. My mother gave her usual children's parties at Christmas and on our birthdays that were considered by some of our neighbors as somewhat of an innovation, for with all the entertaining in Washington, there were but very few children's parties such as were so frequent in Burlington.





Our family life went along happily in the family circle here at the Navy Yard, but I as a maturing boy had many school problems that I will not treat of here but in other reminiscences. It was during our two years at the Washington Navy Yard that we of our generation as a family made our first visit to Pompey, in Onondaga County, New York. Enclosed in the illustrations of this folio is a sketch of the old Squire Gott mansion facing the Pompey Hill green. The small building near the mansion was Squire Gott's law office, where my grandfather, Charles Mason, as a young man read law with the Squire. In my boyhood days during the summers that we Remeys spent on Pompey Hill this old mansion was a boarding house where we had our meals and the law office building was our summer cottage. It was here in this small house that my brother, John Terry Remey, the youngest of us Remey children of the present generation was born on July 9th, 1890.

The Squire Gott Mansion upon Pompey Hill was quite the finest of the houses of the Greek Revival Period in the Township of Pompey and was typical in its arrangements of that Period of architecture of which there are so many examples in that part of central New York State. The staircase in the central hall of this mansion was particularly well and elaborately done. Opposite the entrance, under a rather flat elliptical arch, the stairs began to mount with low risers and broad treads that made the ascent very easy up to a broad landing then extending in the opposite direction to the floor above.

The Law Office, later used as our summer cottage - originally was of two rooms, but in later times the rear room was divided to make two small bedrooms as shown on the drawing. Like many of the fine old houses of that epoch, this house has long since been ruined by additions and changes until now none of its original charm remains. The old law office has been razed along with several other old houses in the neighborhood and the old church of the village has disappeared by fire with those of the old houses still standing so mutilated by later builders that the original old New England character of the town, that I remember so well in my boyhood days, now no longer exists but has been succeeded by a nondescript assortment of houses of various styles and kinds, all of which spells mediocracy.

Here in this small upland village said to be the highest town in the State, we as a family spent a number





of summers. We had many and dear relatives there of whom we were very fond whose affection played an important part in our lives. But that is all a very long story in itself to which I will have to devote several volumes of my reminiscences in order to treat to my satisfaction that phase of our family life.

My father's duty at an end at the Washington Navy Yard, his next Naval duty was as captain of the Norfolk, Virginia, Navy Yard. Here, his quarters situated in large and ample grounds, was a house built some years before the War between the States, with large but few rooms with high ceilings of an early Victorian type that did not retain that special charm of the Virginia Colonial epoch of architecture that preceeded it and that is so much admired in these later times. But it was a large and a dignified house of ample dimensions.

To me Norfolk and the country of that vicinity, although a flourishing part of Virginia from Colonial times on, did not build and develop the houses of such beauty and charm as are found in most other places in general throughout that State. The Old Norfolk Academy, in form of a Greek Doric Temple in brick and stucco with columned porticos at its ends and pilasters along the sides, where I went to school is together with the Barton-Myers house - and the U.S. Custom House, about the only examples that I remember of fine old Classic Revival work in Norfolk. I used to ask myself how and why it was that the Norfolk people themselves were so charming and, in my boyhood days, so grand in their speech and their general mien but were living in houses the architecture of which to me seemed unworthy of them? The City of Norfolk of the 1880s was indeed architecturally a most unattractive place.

Portsmouth, Virginia, a much less important town than Norfolk across the river where the Navy Yard was, was much more attractively laid off, with broad tree-lined streets, although here also there was a dearth of large and fine houses - the finest on that side of the river being the U. S. Naval Hospital and the Officers' quarters there and at the Navy Yard.

The accompanying plans and elevation will give the reader a fair idea of this Navy Yard house, somewhat mediocre in design, the real beauty of the place being in its surrounding grounds. The quarters of the Commandant, the Captain and the equipment officer of the





Yard were grouped at the northwest corner of the Yard adjacent to the park of the Yard where there was music in a band stand at times by the Yard band. The place was attractively laid off with lawns and walks with antiquated pieces of ordnance and ships' anchors as decoration amid old trees contiguous to which were the individual gardens of the officers' quarters each with its formal garden geometrical flower beds near the house beyond which was the kitchen garden with its vegetable beds so arranged in form with the walks lined with flowering plants between the beds of vegetables that the effect from the piazzas of the houses was that of a vast flower garden. This treatment one often sees around large houses in Europe.

In the Captain of the Yard's house the lower or basement floor was one step above the ground level. Here was the kitchen and other service rooms. About the house on the ground level was a wide walk paved with flag stones that sloped outwards to an encircling open drain that was for actual drainage purpose - such as one often finds in that tide-water country where everything is on the flat without much slope to carry off an excess of water.

Out and beyond this surface drain was a lawn and flowers with out buildings symmetrically grouped - a smoke house and a house for garden tools both octagonal in shape and a well house - all reminiscent in my day of days that were of the past.

Perhaps in slave days cooking may have been done in an out house away from the "Big House" such as was the custom in general throughout the South, but if this were so at some time before my father's duty there had been a change and the kitchen was brought into the house and a pantry with service stairs added as a "lean to" to the original house - thus giving both an upper butlers pantry next to the dining room with a lower pantry adjoining the kitchen, all of which can be seen from the accompanying drawings - plans and elevation. There amid these surroundings we enjoyed a very happy home life for more than three years.

Our family life at the Norfolk Yard was another chapter in our history. Twenty years had passed since the War between the States and social relations between Northerners living in the South were becoming more agreeable than formerly. We made many pleasant acquaintances





and formed some friendships with Norfolk and Portsmouth people, the former were perhaps more conservative in their attitude than the latter. In those days Norfolk people looked down a bit upon Portsmouth and perhaps this was why the Portsmouth people were particularly affable to new comers in their midst. Some of these Portsmouth family friendships of my young boyhood still are alive and although we don't meet often - we exchange seasonal greetings.

Of our three years in Norfolk, one summer was spent in the cottage on Pompey Hill - the other two, one with a month in West Virginia at the Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs and the other at the old Hygia Hotel at Fortress Monroe on Hampton Roads but a few miles from Norfolk.

As I remember, we found the Virginians much more gay and socially inclined in those days than had been my observation in either Washington or Burlington. There was a running series of dances at the Yard and entertainments in the towns on both sides of the river. Although I was barely 16 when we left the Norfolk Yard, I was beginning to enjoy grown up affairs and dancing in particular. I don't remember ever having seen my parents dance although they occasionally did attend such parties - their inclinations were of a more sedate kind and character.

When my parents left my grandfather's house in Burlington for the Washington Navy Yard, it was the definite step that ended our life in Iowa with the prospect of eventually establishing our permanent home in Washington. However, with my father's tours of duty away from Washington, it was some years later before we found ourselves in a house of our own in that city.

With the close of my father's duty at the Norfolk Yard, he went on waiting orders for several months that we spent in the cottage on Pompey Hill until he received his sea orders that took him out to the Pacific for the better part of three years, just prior to which time we went to Washington to find a house there for the duration of this period of his sea duty.

In order to be near our old friends, the Lawrence family, who by that time had given up their former house at 615 F Street, Northwest, on account of the advancing tide of commercial business in that downtown section and then were living in a house that they owned at 1421 Que





Street, Northwest, my mother rented the house next door to them at 1419 Que Street that belonged to Captain and Mrs. Nelson, naval friends of ours.

This house, plans and elevation of which accompany this writing, was our house for three winters, with our summers in the cottage on Pompey Hill. This was a sad time for us because of the separation from my father. The house was adequate for our needs and just large enough and with three servants easy to run, but I, myself, was never happy nor contented with that house because of the neighborhood and the surroundings. But a few doors from the corner of Fourteenth Street with its stores and shops at the corner only a few rods away, it was all in all a messy place in which to live, especially after the prestige of living in important Naval quarters and in my grandfather's residence in Burlington. I, who from childhood had been developing ideas on house arrangements, was beginning to have a pride in the houses in which we lived, and I felt a distinct mortification in living in that particular undesirable location on Que Street!

At some little distance on Farragut Square, Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxey had a small house, somewhat smaller than the one at 1419 Que Street, and this house I wanted my parents to take, for there in that locality I would be in the neighborhood where a number of my young boy school friends lived. However, the advantage of being near to the Lawrences so outweighed my wishes that I did not press beyond a certain point. The fact being that my mother was desperately lonely at my father's separation from us and she needed to be near to these old and intimate friends, so that settled the question. However, it really didn't settle the matter for me, for in my mind I was working and planning and thinking of the house that I would build for the family as soon as I was independently placed to do this! The year following our establishment at 1419 Que Street the Lawrences gave up their house next door so in the end we were stranded there.

Thus at the age of 16 years I found myself to be the man of the family, as it were, and although only a boy, I assumed such family responsibilities that I was able to live up to.

In those three unhappy years on Que Street was formed within my mind the complex by virtue of which, many years later, I built my own home just the way that I wanted it, where my mother spent her last years surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that I could provide.





On my father's completion of his sea service on the Pacific as Captain of the U.S.S. Charleston in 1892, he was ordered to Portsmouth, New Hampshire as Captain of that Yard where we moved from Washington and for three years lived in the Quarters depicted in these accompanying drawings of a large and commodious New England type of house that was Government built and consequently very sturdy and solid but with a coarseness of finish without attention to those details that are the life and charm of the many old houses of New England of similar dimensions.

The main part of the house had the conventional central hall with its long running staircase, and four large square rooms and this arrangement was duplicated upon the main bedroom floor and again on the attic floor above but was with sloping ceilings under the roof. The large piazza on the front of the house, an afterthought that was added shortly before my father's occupancy of these quarters, has since his day there been removed, so the house now is in its original form with but a small stoop at the front door. In our day there in the early 1890s, one bath was still considered ample. I understand that now other bath rooms have been added for in these Government Quarters there is a constant improvement in such particulars if not in artistic effects

I will not attempt to go into our family life on the Portsmouth Yard (since this Yard was on an island the local term used was "on the yard"). That is treated of in others of my reminiscences. I was then in my 19th year, with the world looking entirely different to me than in my previous years - new indeed, and at times so much so that I was all but terrified at this aspect of things that required many adjustments on my part to an environment that was all strange to me. It was while the family were living here that I had my first experience at home leaving, with the home sickness that resulted when I went to college. But all that will have to be treated in volumes other than this one that is intended to describe the houses in which my family had lived.

Again in the latter half of the 1890s my father made two tours of duty as Commandant of this same Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, when we lived in the Commandant's Residence. This old and somewhat pretentious house for its time was the original Manor House of the island in the Piscataqua River that is now the





Navy Yard. I don't know just when it was built. Probably in the latter 1700s. I've been told that the Government established the Yard on the Island at about the time of our War of 1812 with England and that it was considered not to be a new house at that time. Situated on high ground surrounded by lawns and a garden with large trees and approached from the east by a series of stairs mounting several rising terraces, the Commandant's residence without being really grand in character was dignified and even imposing. The carriage entrance to the house was on the opposite side from the front portico where a drive came in from another direction.

Originally the front of the house had six tall two story columns supporting the pedament of classic proportions and arrangement, but at sometime after the Government had taken over the place, this classic treatment was spoiled by taking away the tall columns and substituting a series of one story columns, one above another making piazzas on both the main and the bedroom floors - thus quite changing the classic character of the mansion. Then later on evidently finding that this second piazza darkened the rooms on the first floor, large openings were made in its floor just above and in front of the windows below and then to protect the lower piazza from the weather, these openings were covered over with glass to give light below but at the same time precluding the usefulness of the upper piazza for in walking about on that deck one had to avoid these glazed places that were raised above the floor in the fashion of glassed over "forcing beds" in a garden.

As a boy this mess of an arrangement used to bother me and when the timbers of both upper and lower piazzas were found to be rotting and the whole thing so unsafe that it had to be rebuilt, I wanted my father to have the six original columns restored but Government regulations and procedure in such cases was too complicated and cumbersome to be tampered with so rather than make a change, the piazzas were rebuilt exactly as they were and I suppose are still like that now until this present time.

During the eight years in all that my father had duty on the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Navy Yard, I was at home but in the summer and Christmas and Easter Vacations from college and during the latter years of this period for only summers, for at that time I was abroad in Paris studying architecture and did not get home at Christmas and Easter. The New England winters were long and cold and with the winter dirth of men to join in social activities, society





hibernated as it were in cold weather to awake to great activity in the summer months when naval vessels came into port and the beach and other summer hotels in the vicinity were filled with vacationers, many coming from the middle West and other distant parts.

It was indeed a summer life of activity on the Portsmouth Yard that centered about the Commandant's residence quarters. Dances were given in the armory on the Yard to which people flocked from Portsmouth and the surrounding hotel resorts and my father as Commandant of the Yard was constantly entertaining Government officials and their families and friends and others coming to Portsmouth. It was a very active life for my mother but one that she liked for she was fond of entertaining - whereas on my father's part it was a duty that he looked forward to as a duty only although when guests actually came and were in the house, no one could have been more affable than he. In other words, my father treated his home as he would treat his ship in port. In the daily naval regimen it was always a nuisance to him to have people coming aboard his ship. It broke into the regular order of things and this disturbed his daily order but when visitors were actually on board his ship, he welcomed them heartily in a real spirit of hospitality.

After my father's retirement in the very early 1900s our family settled in the house at 1527 New Hampshire Avenue in Washington where we lived for many years until I built my house at 2440 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W. Thus each generation of us moved farther out into the Northwest as the city of Washington grew and business made formerly desirable downtown property less and less desirable for residences.

At the time of our occupancy, this New Hampshire Ave., house was in the heart of Washington's most desirable residential area. The house had been built ten or twelve years before my father's purchase. It was of the arrangement at that time popular for a house in a block between party walls as almost all houses were then built save the few very large residences. It was on five floors. In the basement that was about two feet or more below grade were the kitchen, laundry and other service rooms. Above was the main or parlor floor - then two bedroom floors above while above these was an attic floor with servant's rooms and several store rooms.

As will be seen on the accompanying plans of this house, the large library room in the rear that fronted on





18th Street (the lot ran through the block with fronts on two streets) was an addition to the original house built at some time before our occupancy. By this time in the early 1900s, two baths for a sizable family lifted the general standard of living of the average American city family from our former standard of but one. From that day to this, the standard has been rising constantly; so when I built my house twenty-five or thirty years later with ten bedrooms, six baths with extra toilets brought that house up to the then average requirements of its day - thus, the excellencies of the American way of life progressed from generation to generation.

The years of our family life at 1527 New Hampshire Avenue were of great satisfaction to my parents, for it was the first settled and fixed home that they had ever made for themselves and their family - as my mother expressed it, the first time in her life that she had ever lived regularly in one house and under the same conditions for longer than a period of three consecutive years. Both active and in their prime, my father was 62 years at his retirement, a year before they moved into this house, and Washington being the mecca of service officers, both of the Army and the Navy, they found themselves in the midst of many old friends and at the same time acquiring new and pleasant acquaintances. Though being by nature conservative, they made friends slowly and intimate friends but after an association that sometimes covered years.

Washington in the early 1900s was outgrowing its former provincialism. People were coming there to make their residence because of the social advantages offered by the life of official Washington, with its many diplomatic representatives of Foreign Governments. People of wealth coming - first visiting, then building large houses, entertaining and introducing their marriageable daughters into the social world.

In these years, several of our old family friends from Iowa, New York State and Virginia and New England had residence in Washington; so my parents' home gradually became one of the open houses of the City where, during the season, upon my mother's days at home, our friends, old and new, gathered almost regularly on these afternoons. Each of my sisters had their "coming out" in different years so our family had a busy social life among their friends, but they never made an occupation of social diversions, nor were my parents or sisters inclined to making anything like a social career. Their names appeared but very rarely in the society columns and then not at





their effort. One of my brothers (my brother Will) avoided anything like an entertainment or a party - the other brother, John, youngest of the family, together with me, was inclined to widen out beyond the social limits as generally established by the family and make conquests in fields foreign to theirs. In fact, the whole world of Washington was my ground. I never limited myself to any one group nor coterie and in Washington the variety of these coteries is many and divergent. But in the end, I, like a homing bird, always found eventual shelter and sympathy at home.

The year before we went to 1527 the family decided on spending their summers at Jamestown in Rhode Island, so thither they went for three months and more each season, if not at Jamestown at Newport across the Bay from Jamestown. Between these two summer colonies with the U. S. Naval War College and the Training Station and the Torpedo Station with the fleets and squadrons in the Bay much of the time, this part of Rhode Island was a pleasant place for navy people so it is now one of the places the spell home to us. My two sisters still summer there. My now widowed sister, Mary Wadleigh now has her regular all-the-year-around cottage at Jamestown, a picture of which is in this folio.

During the many seasons that my parents lived at 1527 New Hampshire Avenue, I was far from Washington traveling about the world in the interest of the Baha'i faith - I made frequent seasons in Europe - then on around the world - a winter in India and Burma, several seasons in Hawaii and sundry travels to The Holy Land where I am now living at Haifa in the new State of Israel.

Thus the years mounted in number that the Remey family home was in the house 1527 and with the passage of these years the burden of maintaining a household that after World War I was more difficult than before, this condition together with the accumulating problems of advancing years, my mother's health broke, and for several years, the family remained the year round in Newport. The house at 1527 New Hampshire was closed with the result that our home life was no longer centered there - again we were adrift, home being wherever my parents chanced to be.

As I have already noted in this writing, at a very early age I developed ideas and even projects for a house suitable for my family, in fact a house especially designed to meet our particular needs - but when the time came for my father's retirement he was not prepared to





undertake the building of a house from plans and other drawings. He wanted to see the house before he could make up his mind to the problem. Therefore, just as it stood, he bought the house at 1527 New Hampshire Avenue.

Now while this was a fine house of its time and well situated, it really never fulfilled our actual needs one of which was the need of a house more conveniently planned. With its kitchen and servants' center in the basement 130 feet from the front door that was on the floor above, made the answering of the door bell a problem of major import. The many stairs connecting the five floors was another problem and there were other family problems too. So the problem of the house was such that my parents could no longer handle, nor did they wish to handle it. Hotel life was the easiest for them and thus their problem was solved for them but not for me. I wanted to see them comfortable and at ease and settled for the remainder of their lives in a house that I could manage and run for them.

Now when I, who am but one member of a family, come to such a decision, there are the other members of the family to consider - and also the in-laws who although they are not exactly family, they through their influence assume and have so much authority that bucking up against them makes more trouble indeed. Therefore, in consideration of these many complications, I found that if I were to establish my parents in my ideal of a house for them, that it would have to be my own house where I could have them come and live with me, where I would be the owner and the head of the household as it were. I, therefore, began to work upon this project and the accompanying design for a large house upon a lot with 125 feet frontage on Massachusetts Avenue in the 2400 block was the result of this thinking.

At that time I did not own the lot that measured 125 feet frontage on the Avenue running back 120 feet to the extension of Rock Creek Park along the valley toward the Potomac River about a mile distant, but in time I acquired it later and on a portion of it I eventually built my own house. This particular lot had many advantages over any other lot in the City that I was considering. It faced on a most desirable avenue in the heart of the best residential part of Washington which was lined on both sides above and below with embassies, legations and other important houses and at the same time, the lot backed high above the park in the rear with extended views up and down the valley over the tree tops which made its rear





rooms as quiet and private as if it were in the country miles from the city.

This site was indeed ideal for a city house. The accompanying designs show my conception of my ideal home where we could live and entertain and at the same time my parents could be retired and quiet if they so wished. Since the lot was large, I planned the house to be upon but two principal floors with a cellar basement beneath and attic above. The main floor for entertaining with dining room parlors, library and other rooms, including a guest room all so arranged that my parents could live as they chose in an apartment on the upper floor where each could have a bedroom with a living room between and a breakfast room served from the kitchen below, with several more bedrooms for others of the family when they came to visit in my house and a small chapel or oratory for family worship.

A walled entrance court on the street with driveways in and out through arches in a high wall would give a maximum of dignity to the front of the residence which with the principal rooms on the main floor and the bedrooms above, all fronting on the garden and on the park in the rear would give a maximum of quiet and privacy that was rarely to be obtained in cities, with as it were the front door in the city with the rear of the house in the country. It all seemed to me to be quite the arrangement of the ideal house for these particular Remey family requirements as I envisioned them.

The time was in the middle 1920s when the great boom of prosperity in Wall Street was becoming interesting. I, like many others, thought I was wealthy and in a position to indulge myself in building a house. In the summers of 1925 and 1927 I traveled in Europe spending time each season in Florence where I collected a small cargo of furnishings, such as several of those long Florentine chests. A number of tall floor standing candelabra and torcheres, a number of those elaborate hanging chandeliers, wall sconces, refectory tables and chairs and tapestries and many other things. Therefore, with these furnishings in hand, I planned the house around my furnishings as it were, having in mind where the most important pieces would be placed - particularly the large tapestries.

In summing up my special and particular needs, they come under two general categories - living and entertain-





ing - each having an equal importance to me. For living I needed a suite of rooms on one floor for my parents - an apartment, in other words, where they could live the kind of life and entertain those of their friends whom they wished - all quite independently of me and my activities, my activities in those days being to entertain both for myself at times and for the family at other times, not such crowds as one so often encounters in Washington's social affairs. Eighteen at a formal dinner or seventy-five or a hundred people for tea, music or for buffet refreshments were as many as I saw myself ever having at my house. This entertaining was to be on a floor below my parents' quarters and the nearby bedrooms for any other members of the family who might be with me on visits - all arranged in such manner that my parents' life and that my life might run along either separately or together, as the occasion might call for. It was an interesting problem. I had before me an example of what I wanted in the home of my dear friend, Mrs. Richard Fitz-Hugh Ledyard in Cazenovia, New York, where I went to make frequent and sometimes long visits.

Mrs. Ledyard's mother - very advanced in years - was an invalid who, with her two nurses, lived in a suite of rooms upstairs, while the family with all their divers social and other interests lived and entertained in a normal way under the same roof. Until my acquaintance of the life of this family, illness and nurses in a house meant calamity and created such grave problems in a household that normal living was impossible for the time being, at any rate - so with this example in mind of two quite different regimens under the same roof, I planned my house accordingly.

Entering from the court yard, on the main floor there was a long and wide corridor from which one entered the rooms. Parlor, reception room, library and dining room. A powder room for ladies, closets near the reception room and a coat room for gentlemen down in the basement were for the convenience of guests, be they many or few.

In my student days in Paris, my studio apartment in the Latin Quarter was one of the places of gathering of the followers of the Baha'i Faith, I being among the first to embrace this Faith when its message was first given in Europe. Now that I was planning to establish myself in a home of mine own in Washington, one of my chief considerations was that I entertain my co-religionists at gatherings in my own home - therefore, the house should





have a capacity of 200 people for these occasions.

The long entrance corridor was designed particularly for certain tapestries as shown in the drawing of the interior treatment of the house. In the center was the Brussels Tapestry of the 17th century picturing the Abdication of the Emperor Charles V and on either side of this the two tapestries picturing the Crusaders - one in battle, and the other in encampment.

The long corridor on the bedroom floor above was arranged with wall surfaces for certain other tapestries while one high wall space in the stair hall was arranged for a large Kirmanshah picture rug 11 by 19 feet, a photograph of which is shown here. The series of portrait busts of the family were in these corridors, and at the far end of the upper corridor is the family chapel or oratory for daily family worship for my mother then being an invalid was not able to go out to church.

On the main floor the library was designed especially for my architectural library together with other books while on the walls were to hang the family portraits and on the book cases were places for some of my father's naval trophies. I had the arrangement all quite clear in my mind.

I worked out with the assistance of Harris and Hitchcock, organ builders of Washington, specifications for a pipe organ, the great organ chamber to be in the basement to speak up through the floors of the parlor and library with the small organ, sometimes called the echo organ, so placed on the floor above off the chapel that it could be played from the chapel when music was wanted at the services in this oratory, as well as speak down through the ceiling into the drawing room when played as an adjunct to the great organ below. Thus I tried to provide for the needs both religious and secular of my mother.

Now this residence was indeed a very big project for me to handle even with the prosperity of the moment, but for this accomplishment I saw my way clearly, so I thought. I planned certain economies in construction and in architectural treatment that I calculated in detail and according to principles of good architectural effect that I had been working on for years and which, although it was never realized in this house that I am here describing - that was never built - but that I eventually realized in the house of another plan that I built upon a portion of





that same lot on Massachusetts Avenue.

As a very young boy I had among my play things a small toy theatre, so at an early age stage craft was one of my interests and this appreciation of the dramatic has followed me right along into and through my studies in architecture. In fact it is the monumentality and the dramatics of architecture that appeal to me. In other words, when I design a house in planning the rooms if it be the main or entrance floor of the house, I think of the effect upon people as they enter the house and the effect that these people produce on these other people gathered there in the parlor to receive their guests entering into that room.

Again in planning a dining room, I am thinking of the effect of that room with its dinner table upon the group of diners as they enter that room, where the interest should center about the table and the dinner - that is the most important thing. In like manner in a bedroom the bed should be the point of chief interest in that room; consequently, in a master bedroom or one of any size beyond that of a small chamber, I arrange a shallow niche with an archway into which the bedstead should fit - all in order to produce as good an "effect" as possible.

So much for the design of the rooms in planning a house, but further more I would carry out this same principle of dramatic art as applied to the interior decoration - the textures of the walls and the furnishings, my object being to produce as good and as dramatic an effect as possible, so arranging all as to call attention to the furnishings of beauty, calling attention to things that are not only beautiful in themselves but eschewing seriously any and all imitations of any description upon either the exterior or the interior treatment of the house, for I have seen too many houses made mediocre and in bad taste where anything short of real materials such as any imitations of either building materials or furnishings are used.

This principle of good architecture and interior decoration meant to me that a very strict economy had to be adhered to in planning this large house. My means were limited and I could not afford waste in any form - what I did must be all of the very best and on the other had what I left out I nor no one else could see nor criticize!





- 34 -

To apply these principles to this house, an ordinary kiln brick carefully laid but with a somewhat rough finish was to be used. As seen in the design there was to be very little stone work. Practically the only decorative stone work were the four columns with their capitals between the high arched glazed openings on the main floor upon the street facade of the house. These were all to be of a somewhat coarse aquia stone that is quarried down the river from Washington that was used in the earliest of the Government buildings in Washington - The Capitol, the White House - and others. These capitals but four in number were to be all of the same general form and style but the details of each differed and all were hand carved.

My plans were that the entire exterior brick work should have a heavy coating of cement paint, the color of the stone, and this would have worked out successfully I now know. For when I eventually built my house on this same lot, I used this same aquia stone with brick covered with cement paint. It looked very well producing the effect that I wanted and now after more than 25 years without ever having anything done to it, it still looks well with here and there a slight red color of a brick showing through giving the effect of age and dignity that I had planned it should have.

In the interiors of this house that was never built, I planned this same strict economy throughout. To begin with, the construction of the two floors was to be of concrete and steel thus making it almost but not quite fireproof, at least, of very slow burning construction and at the same time giving a firm foundation for the floors in the corridors, stair hall, dining room, library and chapel that were to be finished with slabs of slate with the main stair case of monolithic steps of the same aquia stone set upon firm masonry supporting walls. The other floors throughout were to be of oak parquetry in the principal rooms set upon the concrete floor construction, with hard pine floors in the servants' rooms with linoleum in the kitchen and pantries.

My designs called for as little wood work as possible about the doors between the rooms, and none at all around the windows where the sashes and the frames were all of metal, my idea being that with interior shades and drapery in the window openings, I would obtain a domestic effect. Later in the house that I actually did build, I found that all this worked out to my satisfaction.





There were no doors in my plan to shut or open between the entrance corridor, the parlor - dining room and library, but wide open doorway arches with ample and heavy drapery. This was also for a matter of economy because these large doors in a house of such platial dimensions as this house would have to be of very fine workmanship with very beautiful locks and hinges which would cost in the thousands were they of the quality that this house would have required. There were in all seven of these doorways. No! This was where economy must be made and where no one would question the matter nor in all probability even notice the economy. Then in order that the house should have a unity throughout its entire interior to hold it together - as it were - the walls and ceilings throughout were to have the same, somewhat rough but even sand plaster surface - a surface that when soiled could be brushed down for some years - then freshened up with calsomine of the same color as the original coating.

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The large rooms - the dining room - parlor and corridors were to have deep coved ceilings, the bedrooms the same treatment but not so deep. The library was to have a beamed ceiling and bookcases of the same wood - the chief permanent decorative feature of the interior were to be the fireplaces that were to be of stone embellished with heraldic and other devices all hand work - no plaster imitations whatever in any of the rooms.

Who ever may read this description may at this juncture think that the interior would be colorless and drab and without interest and so it would have been without the furnishings that I had been gathering and collecting for some time on trips abroad and at auctions at home. With the Italianate character of the Renaissance predominating in these selections added to which were French, Spanish and a few English pieces of furniture, hangings and bric-a-brac but all of a brilliancy of design and color that were so arresting to the eye that the bare walls of the house itself without decoration or paneling with its neutral color of a sand plaster formed the best of backgrounds for these furnishings so rich in color and detail with hanging crystal chandeliers and those of the Florentine style in gold and color with brocade wall hanging panels that made a background against which mirrors and paintings were placed - all produced a very rich effect. This will be seen in the accompanying photographs of the house that was eventually built in which all these furnishings were placed.





I planned to maintain a high key of interest and color in this bric-a-brac and other furnishings that included a number of bronzes, ceramics, many family small portraits and even family portrait busts, all of which would have given a dignity suggestive of monumentality to the interior of the house had it worked out as planned. Now at this present time, some of these bronzes and the family portrait busts are in the family mausoleum known as The Remēum, at Pohick Church Glebe in Fairfax County, Virginia that I make mention of at the close of this folio.

As is readily seen at a glance at these drawings of the various houses that our family had lived in, this house that I planned for myself and parents was by far the largest and most important of all. This was the result, as I have already noted, of a line of thought that I had entertained since boyhood. My parents were always economizing on themselves in order that they might give their children the good things of life and build up an estate for those who outlived them. So often I wanted them to spend upon themselves instead, but all to no avail. Thus I developed a complex from which I was freeing my feelings by planning luxuries for my father and mother - things that they would in all probability never dream wanting nor of having, so in this matter of a large and fine house for them, I was in reality working to please myself.

From my long stay and travels in Europe, I had developed grandiose ideas that are easily seen in the arrangement of the house. Shut off from the street by a high walled courtyard, with a walled garden in the rear, it had all the privacy of the town palace of a French aristocrat and just because of this aloofness from the public, it was indeed un-American in character. But this I wanted. It was a studied thing with me because it reflected the character and the life of our family that they, the family had maintained from early times. It was the only life they knew anything about. The whirl of the social life of Washington - the vast crowded entertainments of the rush and competition for political and social prominence - was all a world that had no appeal to them. But that world of social competition and rush was the life of modern America that had passed my family by and now in these days of 1957 has so far outstripped us in its speed and magnitude that now-a-days there is no longer any inside nor outside to Washington's society - it is but one mad indiscriminate hoard and rush.





To meet these modern tendencies and conserve one's own ideals - I sought to build my house in the palacial style of a European town house of such character, placing and dimensions that the house itself would announce to the passers-by the character and the lives of those of us who were to live in it. The house itself was to tell our story. It was not necessary for us to say anything at all. Our kind would understand and that was all I desired.

The house itself, almost devoid on its exterior of architectural applied embellishments, I studied well that it should have dignity and be really imposing from its size, proportions and arrangements. In this respect it was modern, without being modernesque nor bizarre. It was not too abrupt a departure from the past but was in reality quite tied to the past, but also modern. To my mind it was a fitting residence for a retired Admiral of our Navy - one in character of the old Navy of my father's time and equally in the character of the dignity and traditions of the Remey family.

But so often one's most carefully made plans with the change in circumstances, over which one has no control, come to naught. My father's death in 1928 followed by the crash in Wall Street the following year quite changed this house picture for me. Many were ruined financially, but such was not my case. What I owned, I owned outright, but I was obliged to retrench and cut down the size of my house. So changed were our family problems that I gave up this particular house project and turned my architectural attention toward a house for myself. In the meanwhile, both of my brothers having married and established themselves in their own homes and my two sisters, one in her own home, the other in an apartment, with my mother in a rented house that belonged to Mr. Curtis, who was then Vice President, left me to consider but a bachelor establishment for myself. I had bought the same 125 foot frontage on Massachusetts Avenue that I have already described but instead of a large house to cover the entire width, I took a frontage of 44 feet for my house and eventually sold the remaining ground, and upon this 44 feet frontage I built my bachelor home that I furnished with the tapestries and other things that I had been collecting for the larger house. But there were family problems and in my case considerations that made it inadvisable for my mother to live with me at that time, so my dream of making a home for her was for the moment delayed.

When I moved into my house #2440 in 1930, I entered





into an entirely new phase of life to me. A bachelor living in a house of my own! Before that I had always lived in my parents' house or in an apartment where little was expected of me since I was not a householder in mine own right; but now, living in mine own house, I found myself to have a responsible relation to the community of Washington that previously had not existed for me. To entertain was the only real reason now for my having a house for entertaining and as one of the local gossip columns put it, I was entertaining "assiduously".

It has been my experience in life that more than once have I strived over years to attain a certain thing until came a time when I thought I had failed in the project, so laid it aside as it were - then, without any move nor effort upon my part - things so came about that in the end I found myself achieving the thing that I had given up as a failure! so thus eventually it came about with my plans for making a home for my mother, but before this realization my own affairs took a new and unanticipated turn.

In 1931 I married and brought my bride to #2440 and a new life for me. My personal happiness was high indeed during my short married life for my wife had all the charm and grace of the outstanding hostess while at the same time this social grace was coupled with the arts of a meticulous housekeeper. We were of such similar tastes that not only were our two groups of former friends compatible as they mingled at our entertainments, but there was a harmony that did not have to be adjusted between my own possessions of furniture and bric-a-brac and those that she brought into the house with her when we inaugurated our joint household.

But this happiness was of short duration for me. The tragic death of my wife came but a year and a few days after our marriage. Thus I found myself again alone in the house I had built!

Again after a year and more I took up my former bachelor life. My entertainments were varied. A series of 5, 6 or 7 dinners at 8:00 o'clock of eighteen covers followed by music at half-past ten to which about 50 after dinner guests would be invited and this followed by refreshments before midnight was the most formal part of my seasonal program of hospitalities. Less formal were evening musicals at 9:00 o'clock followed by a





buffet supper at eleven or thereabouts and an occasional luncheon or an afternoon entertainment when about 80 or 90 would be asked for tea at five, served in the library on the entrance floor with music from 6:00 to 7:00 O'clock in the music room on the main floor of the house.

I was fortunate in having, for a number of years an excellent butler "Herbert" who took entire charge of the running of the house. With him in consultation, I would lay out a plan for the several formal dinners of the season - the table decorations and menu - and this same particular plan was reproduced at each dinner of that season. One musical programme was also established for the after dinner music that was performed upon the pipe organ with a stringed instrument or sometimes a quartet of singers, no one being invited to hear the same program a second time.

Several months after my wife's death it was arranged with the family for my mother to come to live permanently with me in the winters while she continued to spend her summers at Newport, and at times on Jamestown Island at my sister, Mary Wadleigh's cottage. The following six years I enjoyed the realization of my dreams of a home for her but all in quite a different way from that which I had originally planned.

My mother lived on to the eve of her ninety third year, the last seventeen years of which she was an invalid with two nurses in daily and nightly attendance. The house was well adapted to the requirements of an invalid. Upon the main or parlor floor (the library and dining room were on the entrance floor) in addition to the large music room was installed the pipe organ was a parlor and two bedrooms each with its bath, that could be shut off from the rest of the house for my mother and her attendants. This made it possible and convenient for me to have my own life and interests going on in the same house without inconvenience nor discomfort to my mother. The plan worked well.

In all, there were ten bedrooms, counting the servants rooms, so I could have relatives and friends as visitors - some for stays of weeks. My mother had her meals in her own rooms where she was able to see her old friends and to meet some of my friends for short calls. She enjoyed the frequent musicals that I used to give. At regular intervals the family Chaplain, the Assistant Rector of Saint Thomas' Church of Washington, came to





hold service and to administer Holy Communion to her in the small chapel or oratory that was between her rooms and the music room. Although a time of responsibility, for me it was a most pleasurable time in my life for I was accomplishing the things that I had long wanted to do. My mother's needs were easily taken care of and her wants were very few beyond wishing to have the family about her. My pleasure lay in arranging for these things and comforts for her and in having as many of the luxuries as I could arrange for her and with an occasional party for her of old family friends when two or three at a time would go to her rooms for a quiet visit with her.

The Christmas celebrations had for years been an important annual event in our family life. From the time that I was a boy of ten, it had been my job to attend to the Christmas tree, and often very elaborate trees I arranged with a scenic garden arrangement below the tree with its crech and figures of the Holy Family and the Christ Child. But here in this home at this period, the tree was of secondary interest - often it was but a small tree upon the breakfast table where our Christmas Eve supper or breakfast was served following a mass at midnight in the chapel to which we usually asked a few old church friends who were not celebrating elsewhere.

On my mother's 90th birthday I arranged a five storied cake with 90 candles surmounted by a small "Temple of Love" the diameter of which was only limited by the width of the door of her room through which it had to be carried. There she received a few of her friends at the time while a number of others were being entertained in the dining room and library upon the floor below.

And so our family life went on at #2440 happily for us until the end of her long life that would doubtless have been much longer had we had in those days the wonder drugs that now are so potent against such infections as the pulmonary infection of her last illness.

The last service to my mother was to arrange her funeral that was held in the family chapel in the house with the Bishop of Washington and the family Chaplain officiating assisted by the Cathedral organist and boy choir, with the ranking officers of the Navy and the Marine Corps - Admirals and Generals as her pall bearers with her coffin carried by eight noncommissioned officers of the Navy - a satisfaction to me to have arranged this





last tribute to her my only regret and sorrow being that this was the last of that which I could do for her.

With my mother's death, the chapel was dismantled. Among the accessories was the font that contained the Baptismal bowl from which we children were all christened together with the family communion service, made from some old family silver and studded with family gems that were placed in Washington Cathedral - The window picturing St. George killing the dragon, a memorial to my father, together with a brass memorial tablet that has been placed in St. Matthews Church at Jamestown where my parents worshipped for many summers while the altar with its triptych reredos and other ecclesiastical appurtenances including sets of altar hangings for the different church seasons were placed in Christ Church, Burlington, Iowa. A copy of this altar in marble is now in the chapel in the Rememum where my wife's sarcophagus stands, thus now is closed that particular religious phase of our family life.

Life at #2440 was happy and was the result of years of yearning for a home of mine own, collecting things to embellish it and anticipating the pleasures I would have in it. My home there was in reality all that I could have wished it to be. But the responsibilities that tied me down to it grew irksome and I longed to travel beyond summers in New England and winter stays in Florida that had been my custom. World War II took "Herbert" so I closed the house and traveled the States around from coast to coast and made two winter trips that took me into and through all the countries of Latin America from the Mexican border as far south as Tierra del Fuego. These travels were in the interests of the Baha'i Faith that had absorbed my religious life since my middle 20s. I looking forward always toward the time when I could travel the world around in this cause. The time for this fulfillment was approaching and I was preparing for it. My duties to my parents were over and I had come to the time when I could do things that to me were more important and to my liking than being tied down by a house that with the changing of time and economic conditions was becoming a burden to me. In other words, my life had moved on to my religious interests and I was ready to give up my house for more interesting things abroad - thus in 1953 while I traveled abroad in Northern Europe - to India and Burma and the surrounding countries and down into the heart of Africa and elsewhere, my house was rented to a Mexican Diplomat and later purchased by the Mexican Gov-

1944

1945

1946



ernment to be used as an embassy together with its tapestries, paintings and other furnishings so at last at this writing I am free from this responsibility that I had built up. Officials in Washington at the Pentagon now tell us of the danger of Washington and others of our larger cities being destroyed by H bombs! So at least I am free from worry about a house there!

A life of attainment is one of sustained struggle often over periods of time always seeking the end in view and sacrificing all toward the goal that one has set. Thus after many years I succeeded in making the evening of my mother's life here happy and one of real beauty to her - my only regret being that my father died before I accomplished this, for when I started out on this project, he was as much in my mind as was my mother. But successful as one may be in accomplishing and working out his ideas, one can scarcely hope that all will work out according to his plan, especially in families where a number of minds have to be considered and come into the performance and the accomplishment of his project.

But his project of a house for my parents' home was not the only one of the architectural projects upon which I have worked. However, I will not here go into these save to mention my project for a family memorial for to give this adequate description would require several volumes of text and further architectural designs to record the story of "The Remēum", the place of commemoration and sepulcher of my family that I have built in the Glebe of Pohick Church Truro Parish in Fairfax County, Virginia, a few miles south of Washington on Highway Route #1, between Mount Vernon and Fredricksburg. Although not yet quite completed, when finished, it will record upon its walls in inscription and sculpture the history of the Remey Family.

Thus am I as one individual toward the end of a lifetime of, I might term it "solitary struggle", on the way to honor for times to come so long as the Remēum stands, the very dear to me memory of my parents and our family's forebears as well as some of our relatives, friends whom I have loved and who have been a very real part of my life.

While this part of my chronicle finishes my story of effort to create a home as a family home center in this world, I will now make mention of another field of activity, a spiritual effort on my part, my deep interest





for almost sixty years in the Baha'i World Faith that brought me here to the house in which I now live on the foothill slopes of Mount Carmel in the Holy Land.

The one great and almost all absorbing interest in my life has been religion. First as a boy and youth in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church in which I was reared and since my twenty-seventh year in the Baha'i Faith which I believe to be the fulfillment of Biblical prophesy and the establishment upon earth of the Kingdom that Christ promised and for which He and the Prophets before Him prepared the way.

From the accompanying pictures of the house where I now live at 10 Persian Street, Haifa, Israel, relatives and friends at a distance can get a glimpse into the surroundings of my present home life in the Holy Land.

In the winter of 1920 my brother William and I spent several weeks here in Haifa and it was then that I drew the plans and specification for this house to be built for the Baha'i community. At that time I little thought that I would ever be here living in it myself!

Construction was started in the following year, 1921, and carried out in my absence. My designs were done in the local Syrian-Arab style using motives, materials and building materials that local artisans were accustomed to handling.

The exterior and the arrangements of the interior is similar to that of houses of this country of that epoch of thirty and more years ago. Built with heavy masonry walls, large central halls, high ceilings, with marble and tiled floors and roof - the only woodwork being for doors and window frames - makes a house proof against fire and resistant to the ravages of time and decay. Wrought iron grills at the door and window openings give protection from intruders.

Now in these recent years a new type of building is in vogue here in Israel in many ways resembling the very modern buildings in other parts of the world. But the style of this house is still pleasing to those who like the former traditions, color and spirit of the Holy Land.

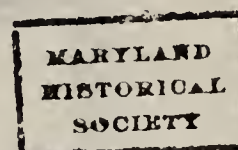
For the past six or seven years, I have been spending my winters in Israel together with four other Americans,





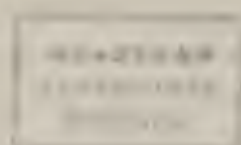
Baha'i's, occupied in this cause here at the administrative center of the faith. We each have our own apartments in this house using the main central large rooms in common, where we are joined frequently by groups of Baha'i Pilgrims coming here to the Holy Land and where we are pleased to receive and entertain friends from many parts of the world.

Charles Mason Remey  
Haifa, Israel  
July 1957



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Director John R. ...  
Hatch, ...  
July 1907





PLANS, ELEVATIONS AND SECTIONS  
OF THE HOUSES IN WHICH  
THE REMEY FAMILY AND THEIR FORBEARS  
HAVE LIVED

THE FOUNDED FOUNTAIN IN RAYMOUTH

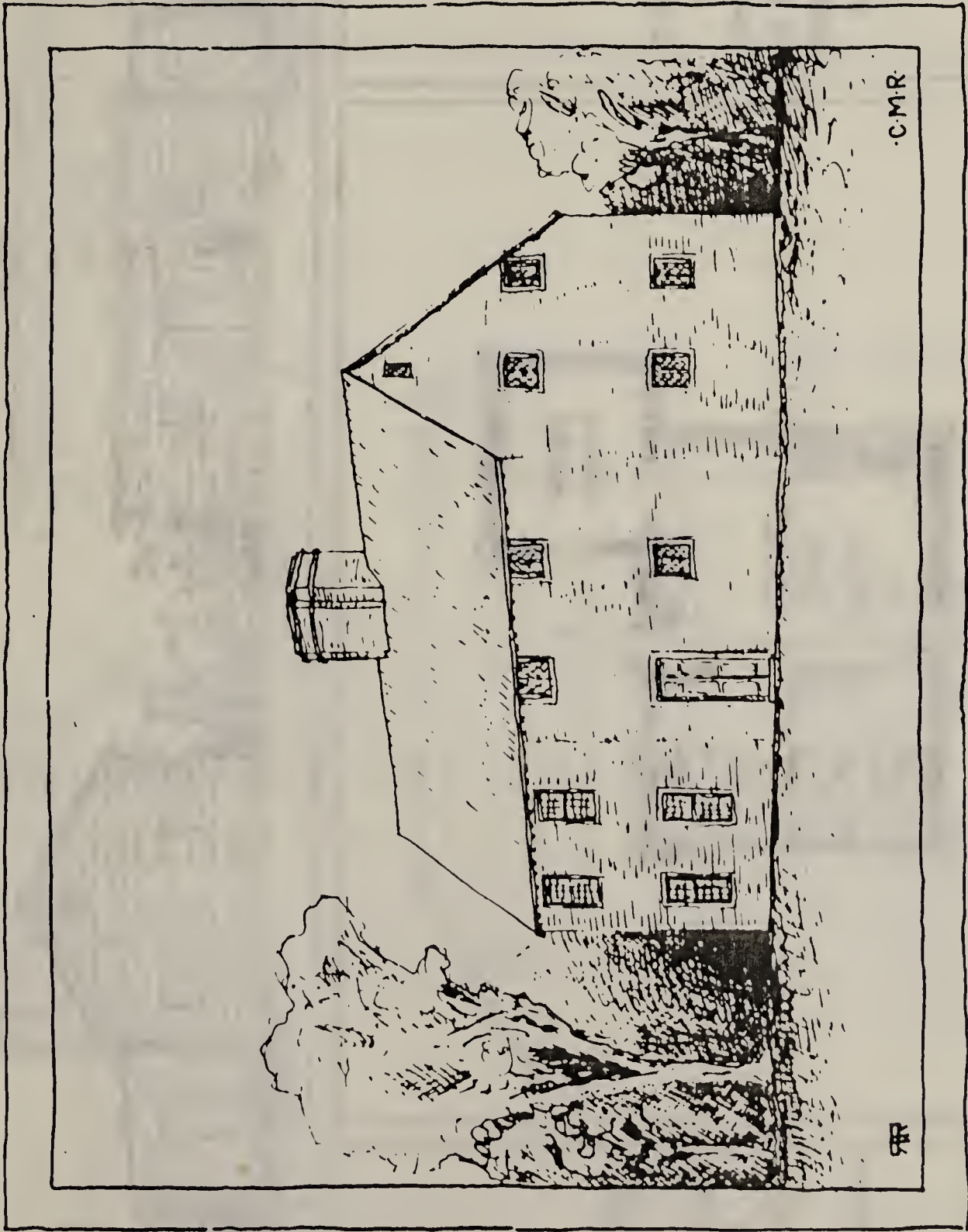
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THE FIRST EDITION AND THE SECOND

WAS 1912



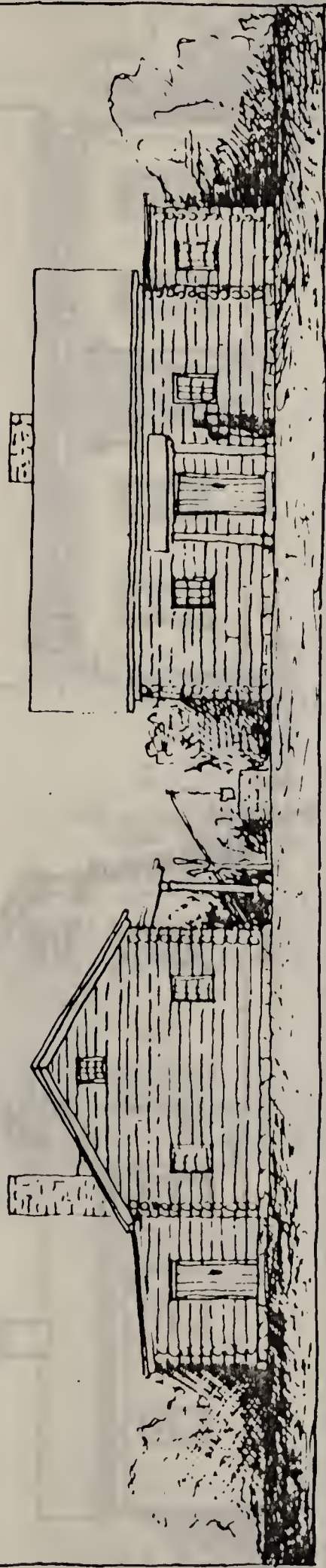


THE HOWLAND HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH  
BUILT IN 1667



THE HOUSE IN THE  
Faint pencil sketch

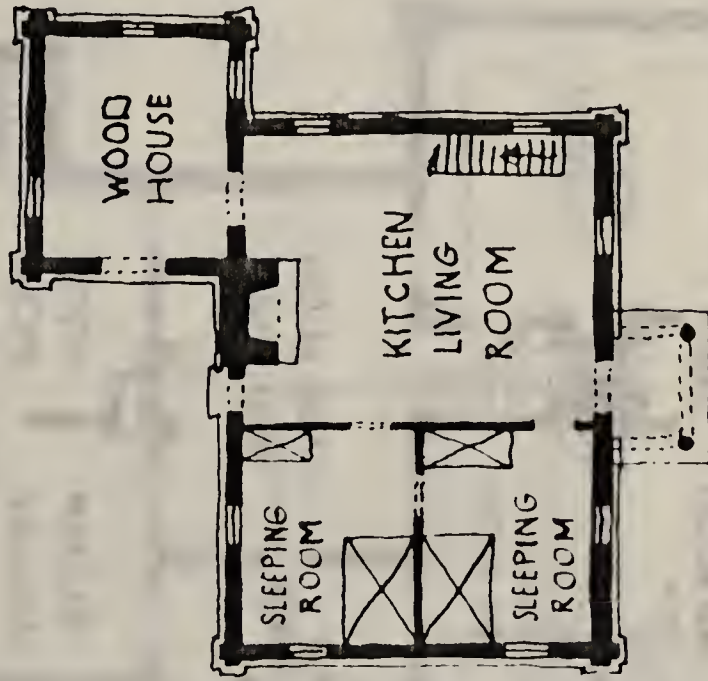




THE LOG CABIN  
OF  
CHAUNGEY MASON  
BUILT IN  
THE MID 1790'  
IN  
POMPEY TOWNSHIP

97R

SWEEP AND WALK COURSE

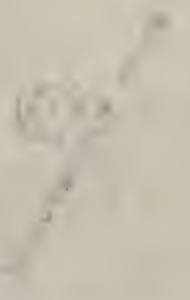


ON  
THE HIGHWAY  
BETWEEN  
POMPEY CENTER  
AND POMPEY HILL  
ONONDAGA COUNTY  
NEW YORK

C.M.R.

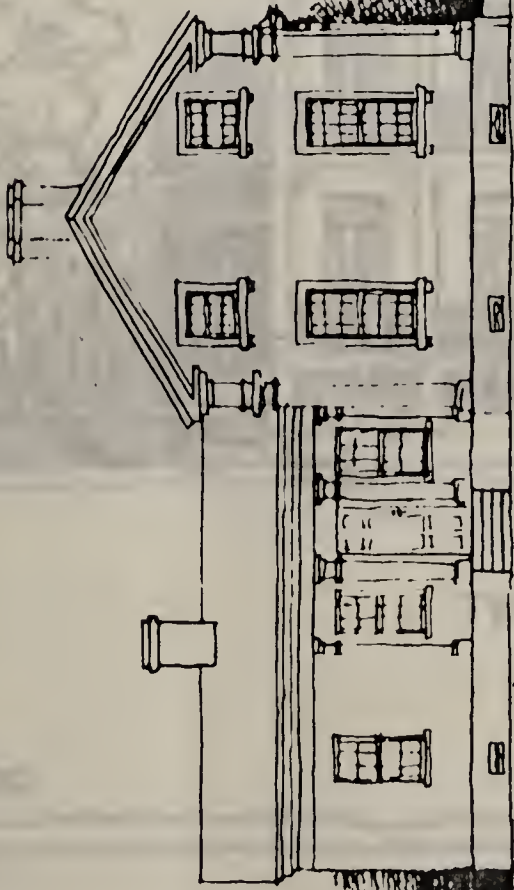


1st  
 available for  
 inspection  
 and for  
 the purpose of  
 the report  
 10/10/10



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 inspection  
 and for  
 the purpose of  
 the report  
 10/10/10

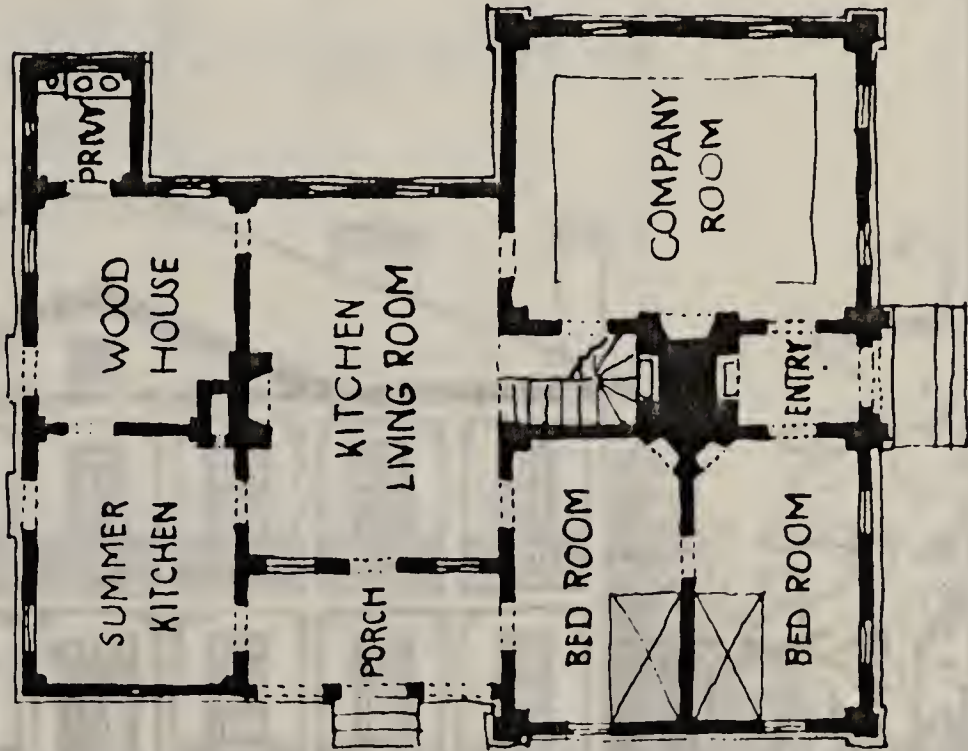




THE  
FARM  
HOUSE  
OF  
CHAUNCEY  
MASON



717



IN THE  
TOWN OF  
POMPEY  
ONONDAGA  
COUNTY  
NEW YORK



C.M.R.

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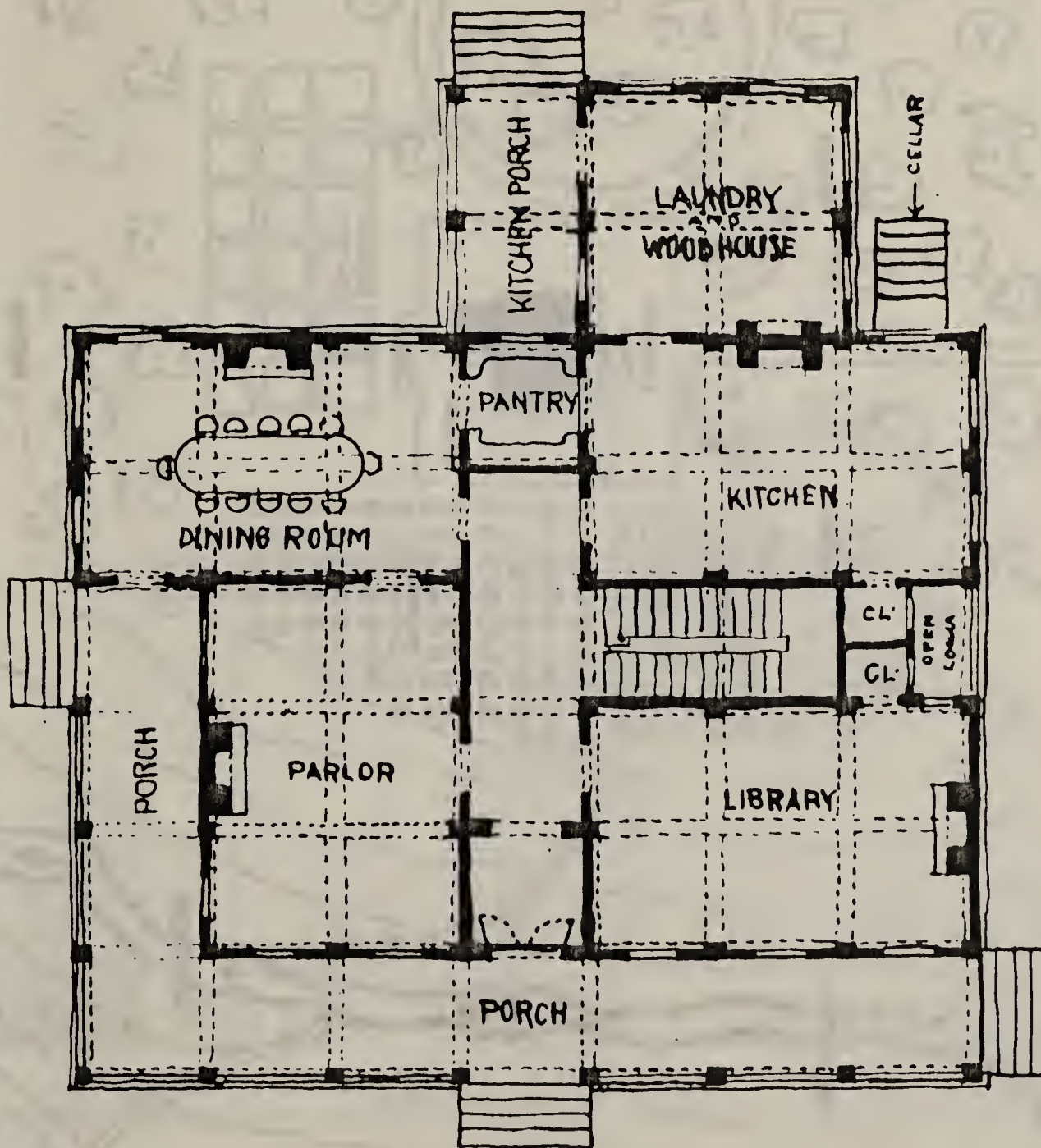


THE MASON FARM HOUSE  
FRONT ELEVATION



THE MASON FARM HOUSE  
FRONT ELEVATION





THE MASON FARM HOUSE  
MAIN FLOOR PLAN

0 5 10 15 20 25 30  
SCALE IN FEET  
C.M.R.

R.R.



THE MAYON FARM HOUSE  
MAIN FLOOR PLAN

Scale 1/4" = 1'-0"  
 1/4" = 1'-0"  
 1/8" = 6"-0"  
 1/16" = 3"-0"  
 1/32" = 1'-6"  
 1/64" = 7'-6"  
 1/128" = 9'-0"  
 1/256" = 10'-0"  
 1/512" = 11'-0"  
 1/1024" = 12'-0"



THE MASON FARM  
GENERAL PLAN

GROVE

KITCHEN GARDEN

FLOWERS

BERRIES

VEGETABLE

MEADOW

CREEK

GROVE

FAMILY BURIAL MOUND

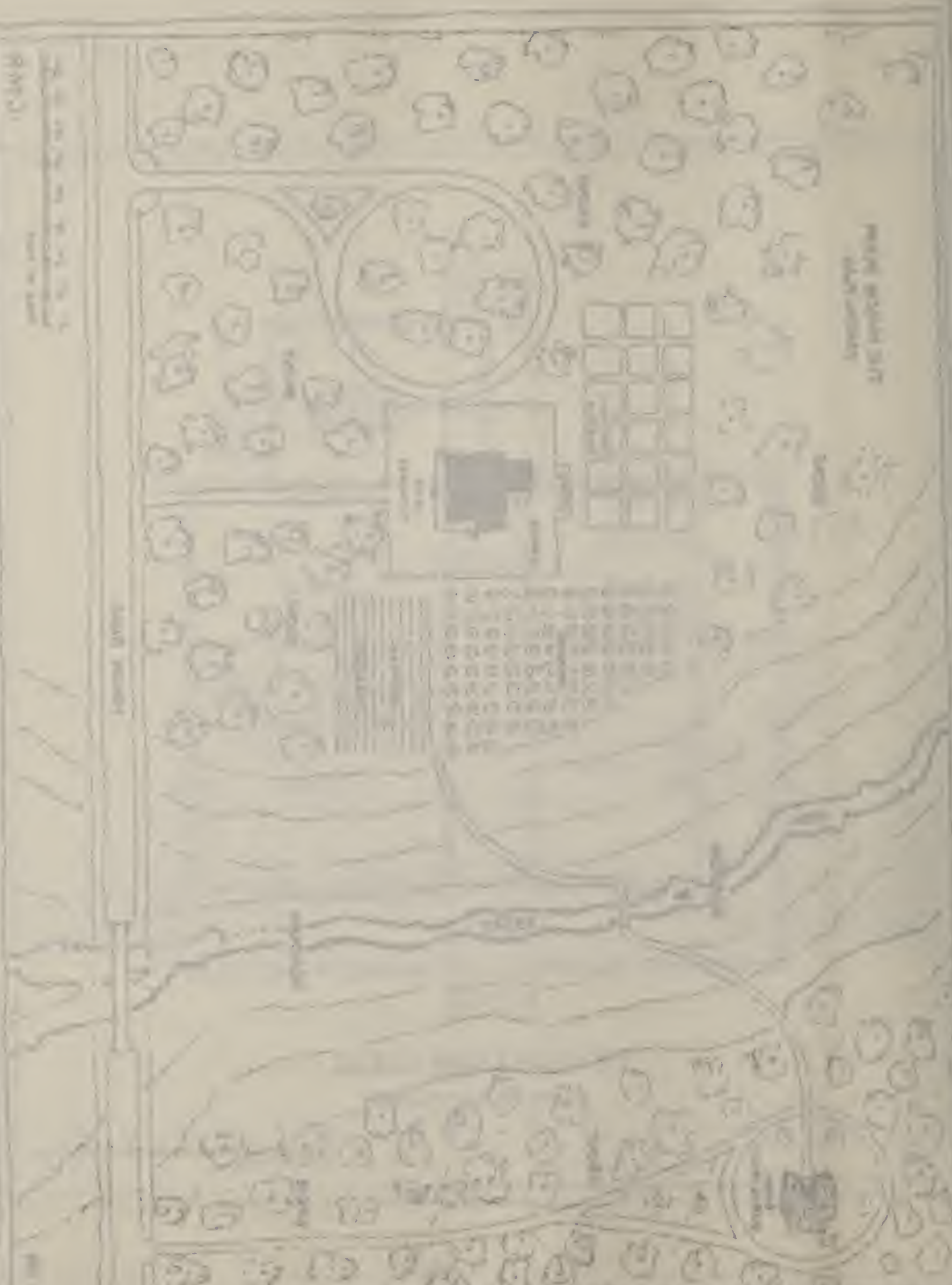
GROVE

**MASON ROAD**

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

不

Figure 1  
Map of the study area







THE OCTAGON HOUSE  
FRONT ELEVATION

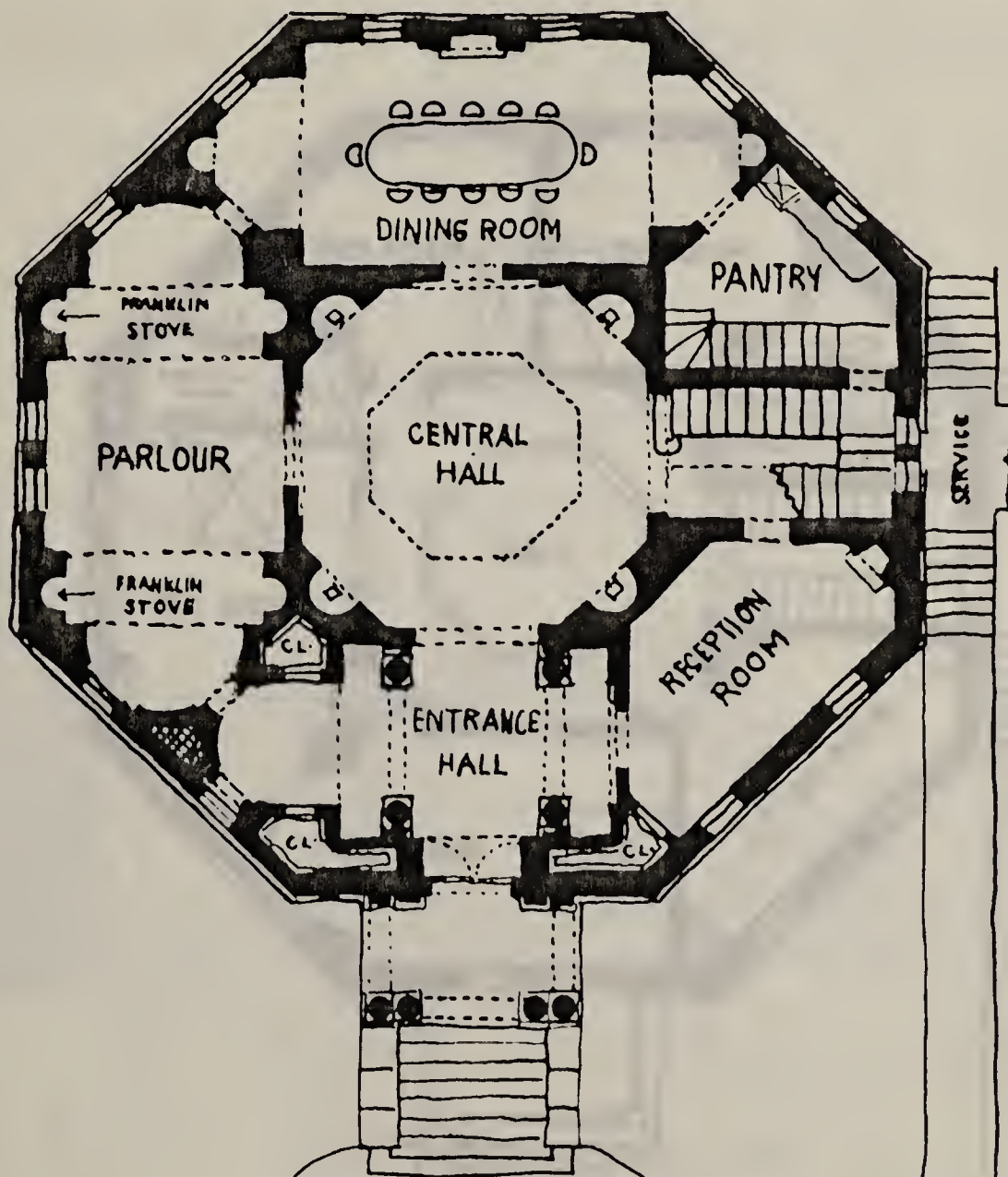
RR

·C·M·R·

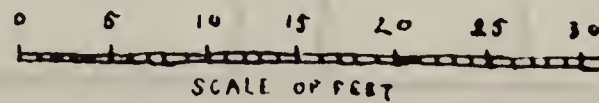


THE CLAYTON HOUSE  
NIGHT ELEVATION



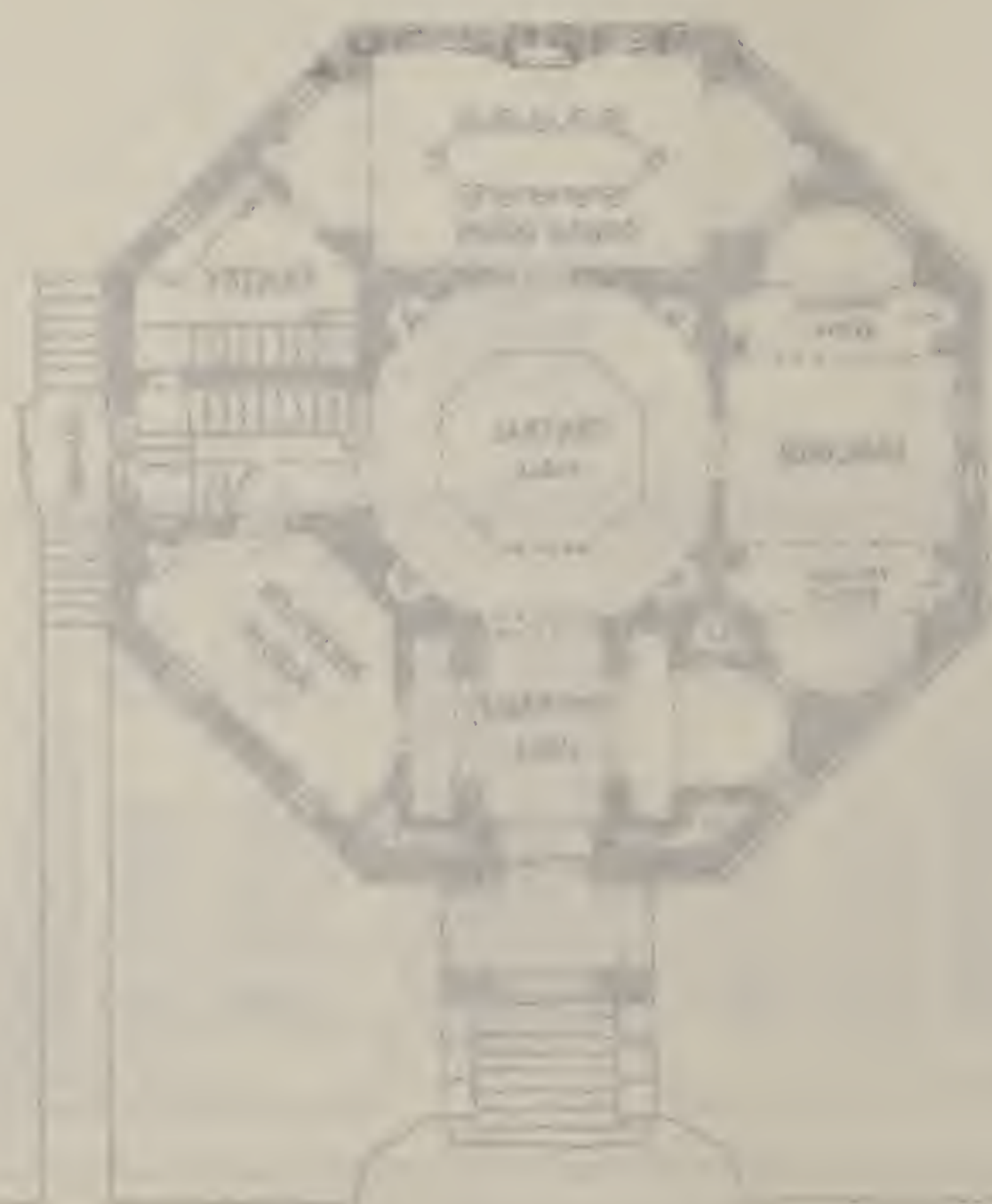


THE OCTAGON HOUSE  
MAIN FLOOR PLAN



C.M.R.



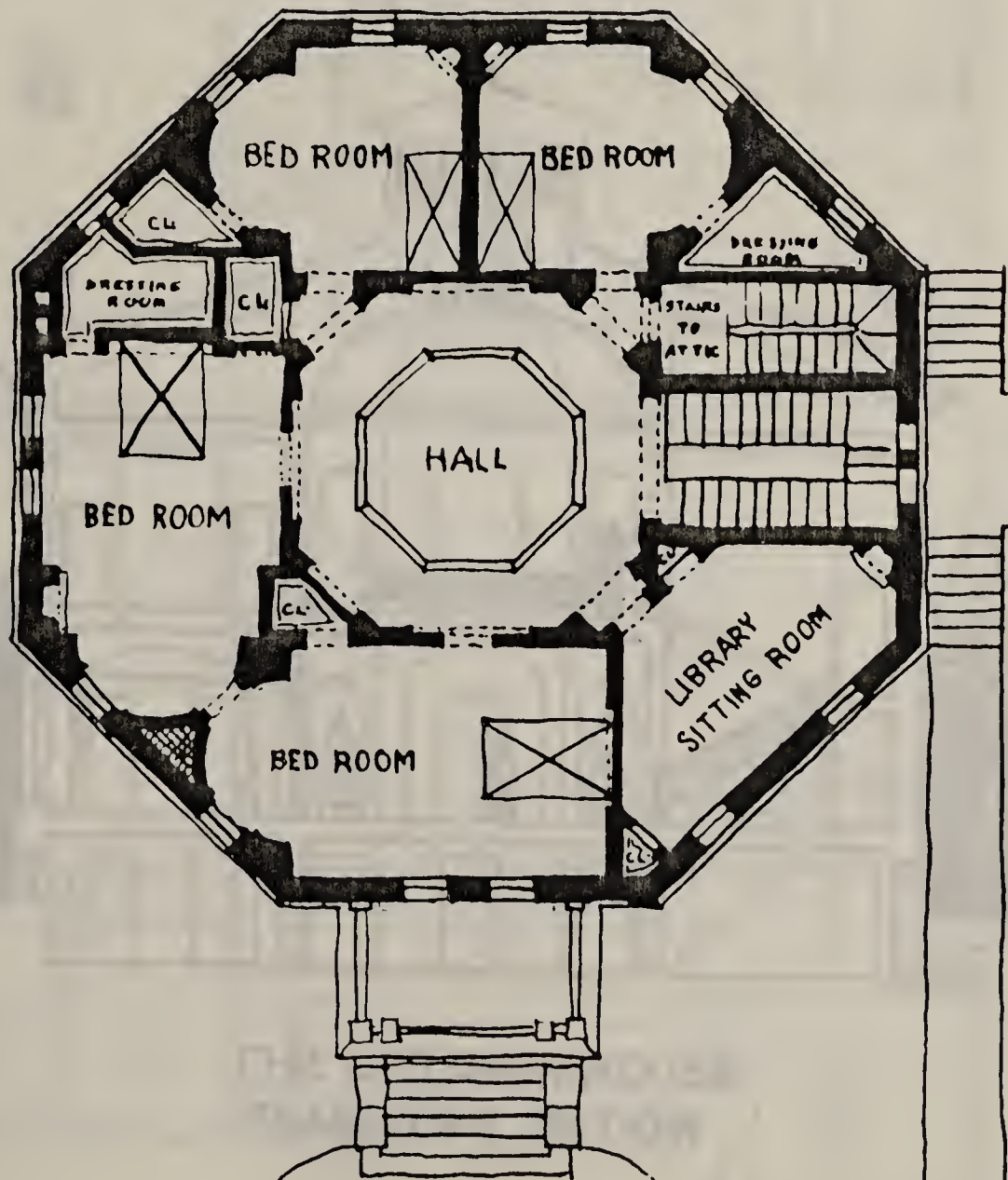


THE COLABOR HOUSE  
— 1947 —

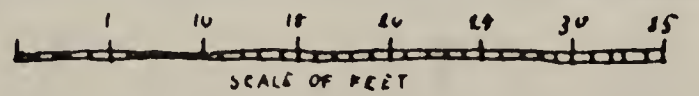
1/4" = 1'-0"

C.M.D.





UPPER FLOOR  
PLAN



RR

C.M.R.

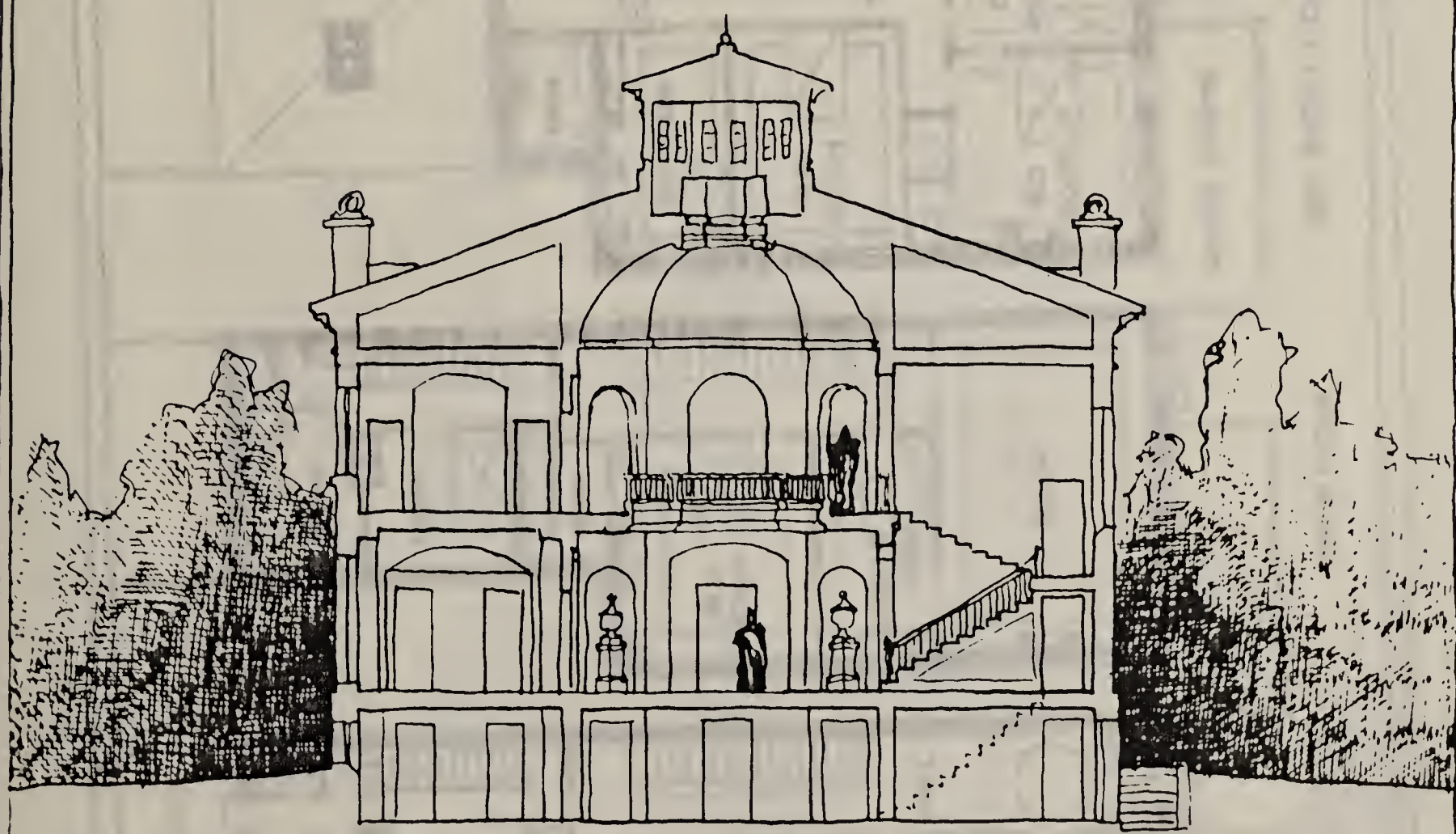


Scale 1" = 10' 0"

Drawn by J. H. Smith

1910





THE OCTAGON HOUSE  
TRANSVERSE SECTION

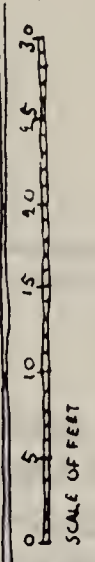


TRANSVALE REGION  
THE OLD ABER HOUSE

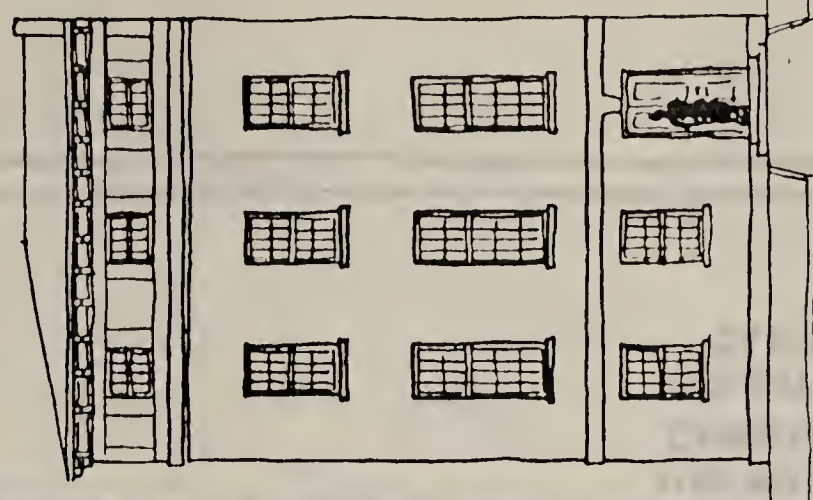


THE HOUSE OF  
THE LAWRENCE FAMILY  
ON THE NORTH EAST CORNER  
OF 10<sup>TH</sup> AND H STREETS  
NORTH WEST  
WASHINGTON · D.C.

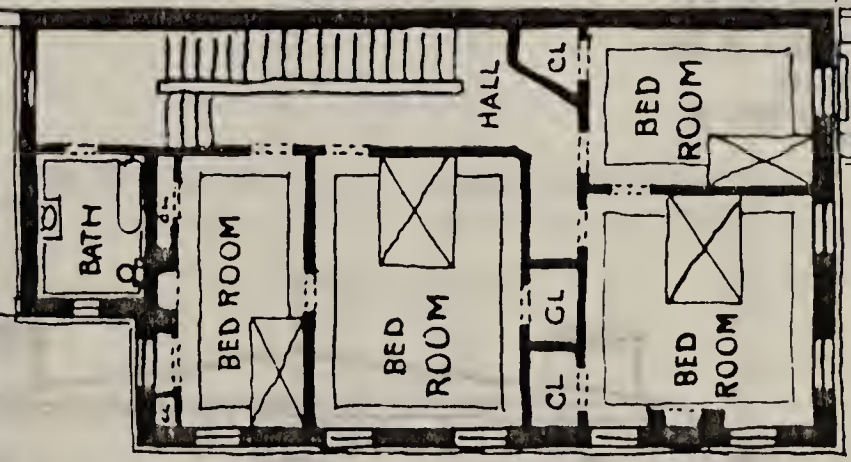
C.M.R.



FAÇADE

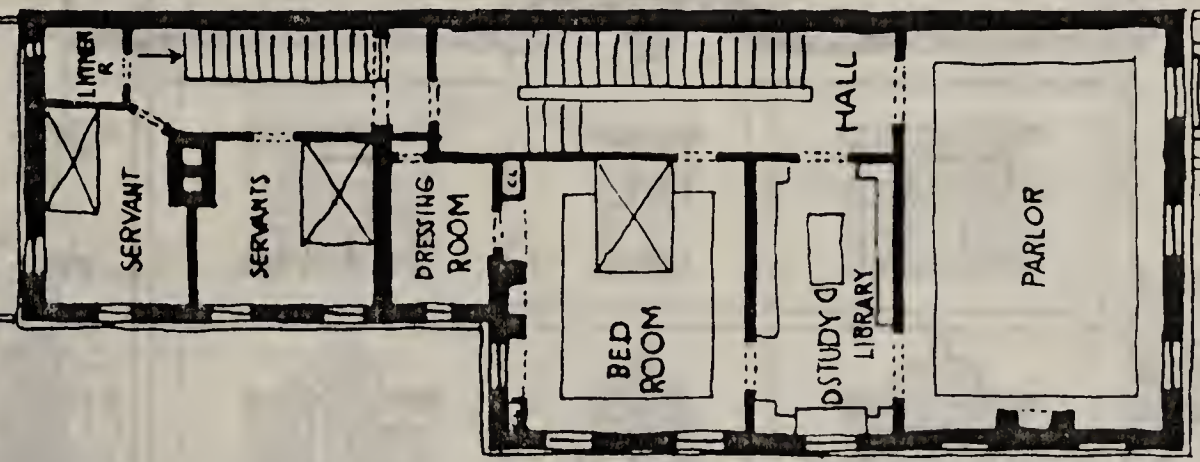


BED ROOM FLOORS

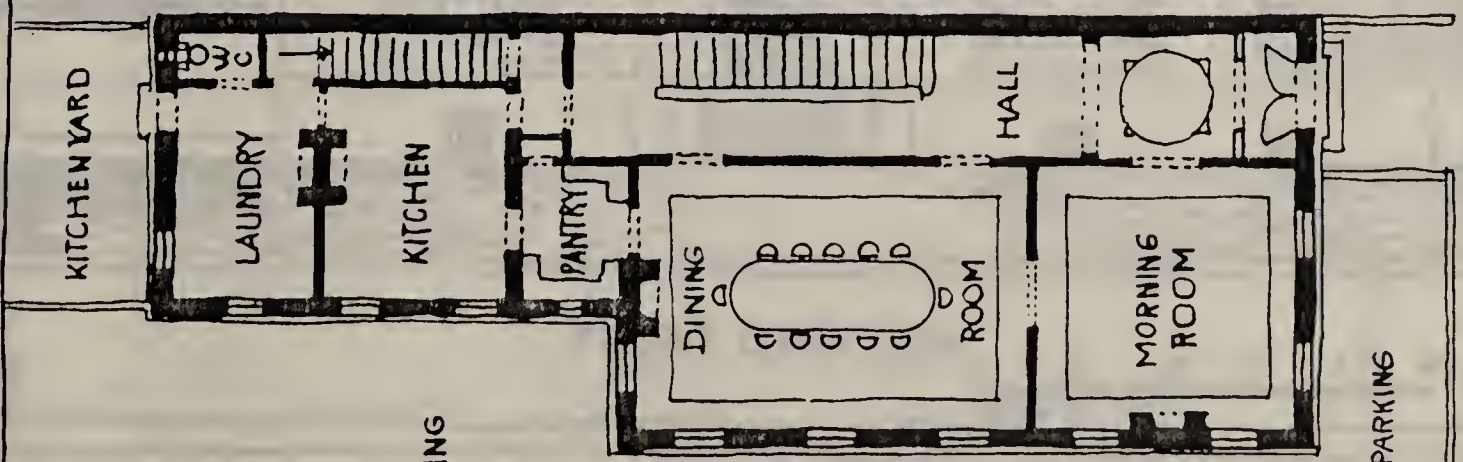


GARDEN PARKING

PARLOR FLOOR



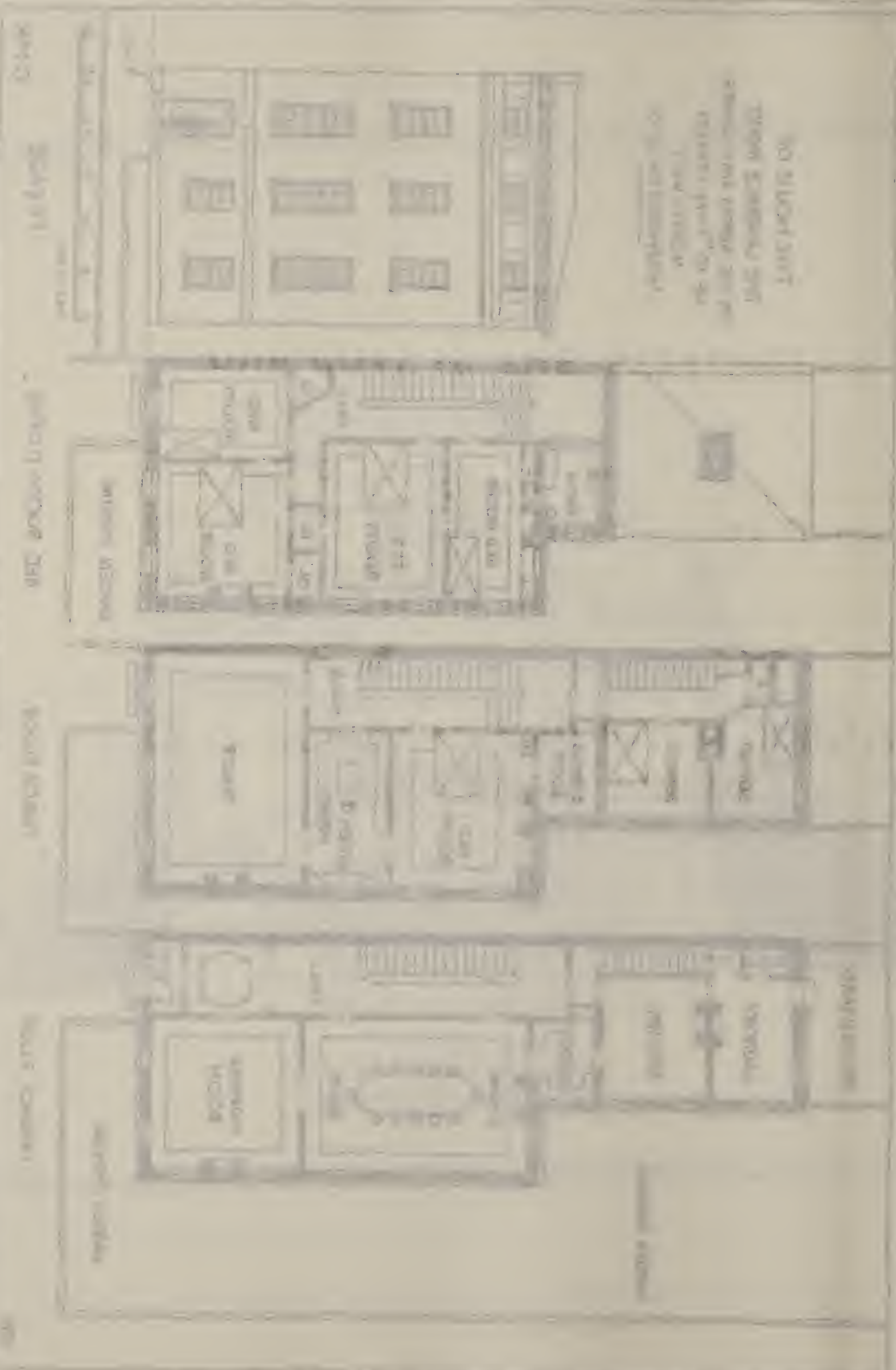
ENTRANCE FLOOR



GARDEN PARKING

GARDEN PARKING

KITCHEN YARD





DESIGN FOR  
THE RESIDENCE OF  
CHARLES MASON  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
ON THE NORTH WEST CORNER  
OF N STREET AND VERMONT AVE.  
NORTH WEST  
IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.



FRONT ELEVATION

C.M.R.

0 5 10 15 20 25 C.M.R.  
SCALE OF FEET

THE HOUSE OF  
 COMMONS  
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
 THE HOUSE OF  
 COMMONS  
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
 THE HOUSE OF  
 COMMONS  
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND



FRONT ELEVATION

1850  
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 1898  
 1899  
 1900

189



ALLEY

KITCHEN YARD

PORCH

LAUNDRY

WOOD HOUSE

KITCHEN

BUTLER'S PANTRY

SERVANTS

PANTRY

DINING ROOM

TERRACE

GARDEN

WALLED

PARLOR

HALL

LIBRARY

RECEPTION ROOM

PLANTS

WALK

LAWN

BUILDING LINE

SIDE WALK

VERMONT AVENUE

PARKING

BUILDING LINE

PARKING

MAIN FLOOR PLAN

PARKING

SIDE WALK

N STREET

SIDE WALK

0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35  
SCALE IN FEET

RR

DESIGN FOR  
THE RESIDENCE OF  
CHARLES MASON  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
ON THE NORTH WEST CORNER OF  
N STREET AND VERMONT AVENUE  
NORTH WEST  
IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

C.M.R.

Scale 1" = 100' 0" 1" = 100' 0" 1" = 100' 0"

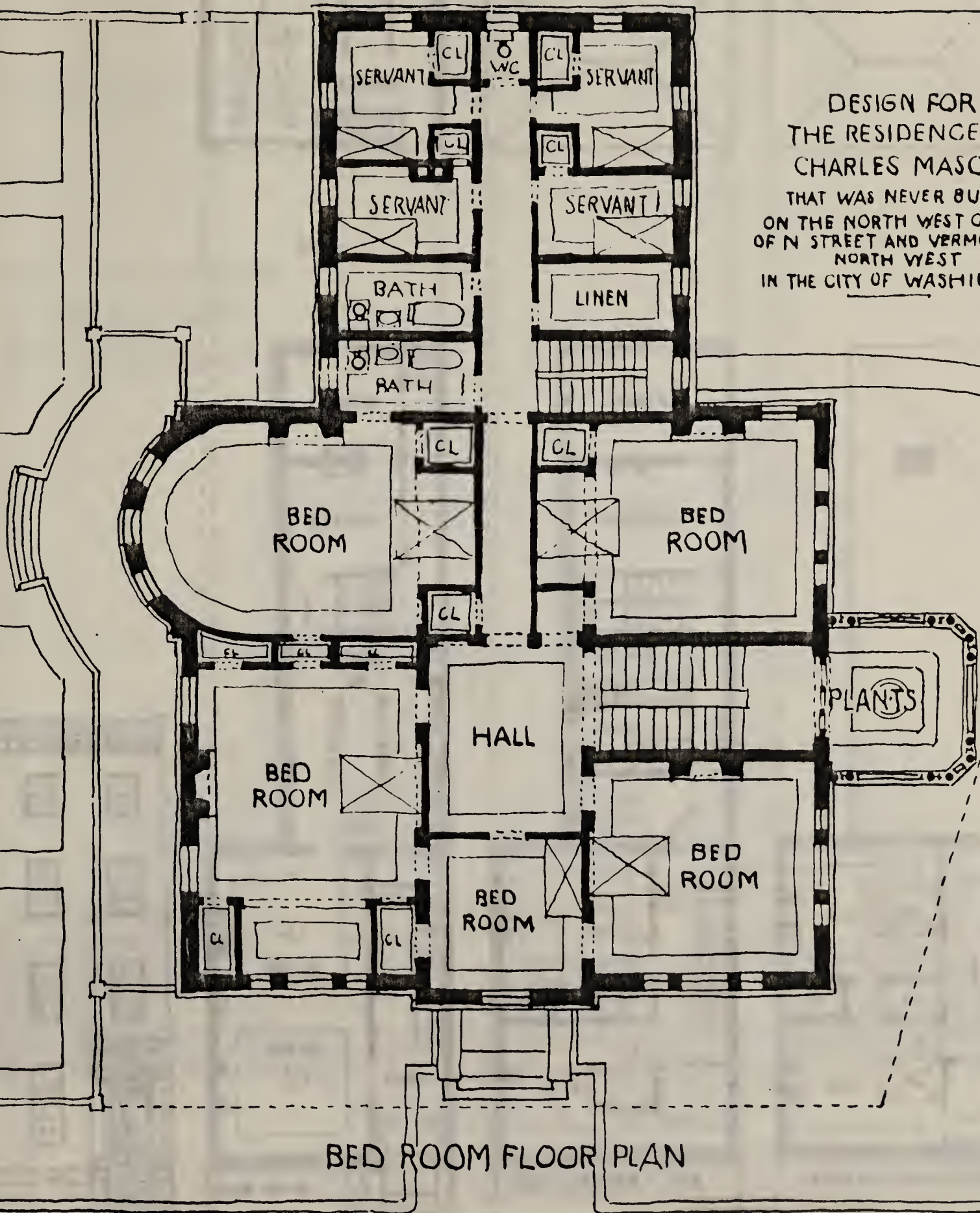
NOT TO SCALE  
FOR INFORMATION  
ONLY  
DO NOT  
USE FOR  
CONSTRUCTION  
OR  
REPAIRS



PLAN



DESIGN FOR  
THE RESIDENCE OF  
CHARLES MASON  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
ON THE NORTH WEST CORNER  
OF N STREET AND VERMONT AVE  
NORTH WEST  
IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON



BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN

0 5 10 15 20 25 30  
SCALE UP FEET

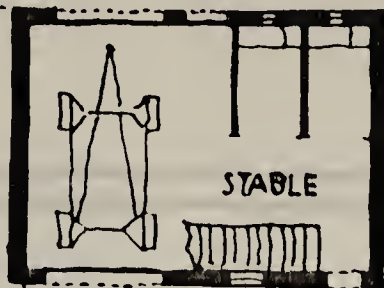
C.M.R.

1. 1st Floor Plan  
 2. 2nd Floor Plan  
 3. 3rd Floor Plan  
 4. 4th Floor Plan  
 5. 5th Floor Plan  
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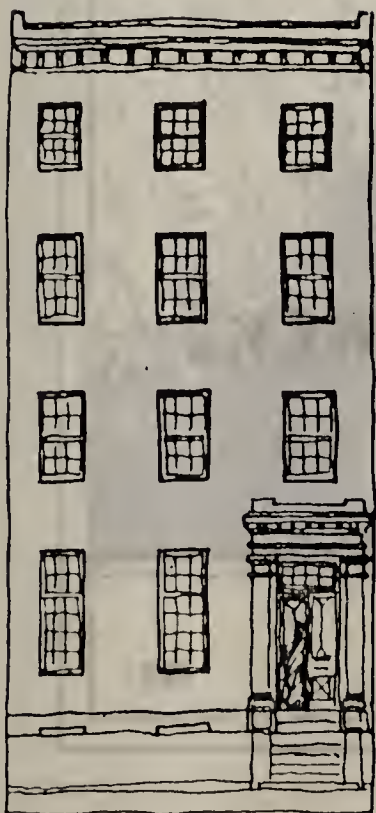
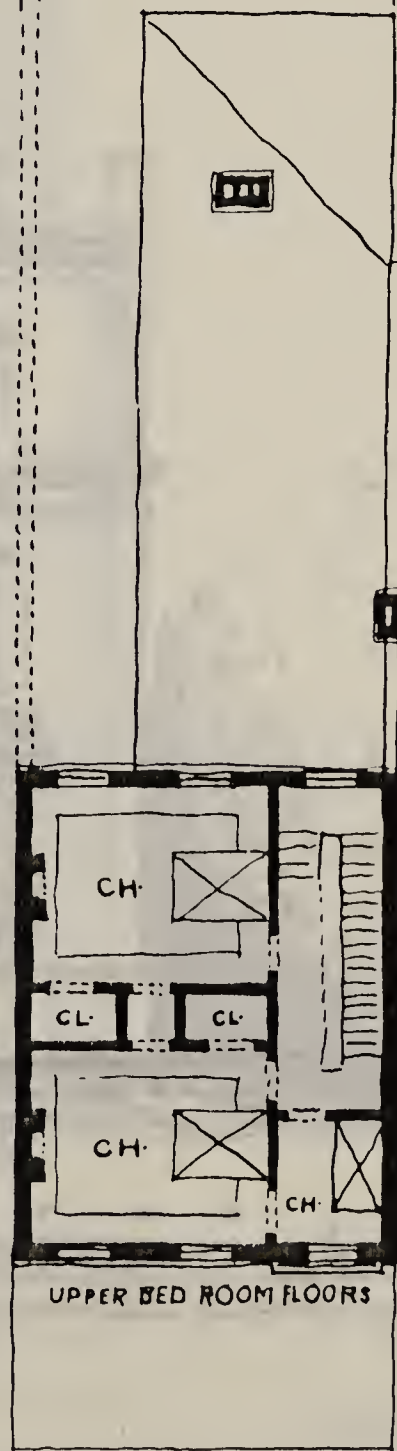
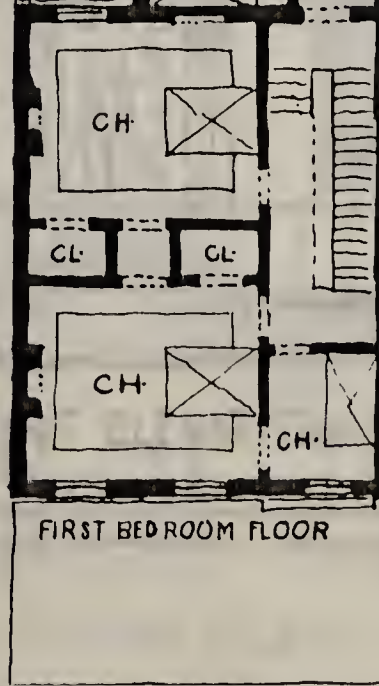
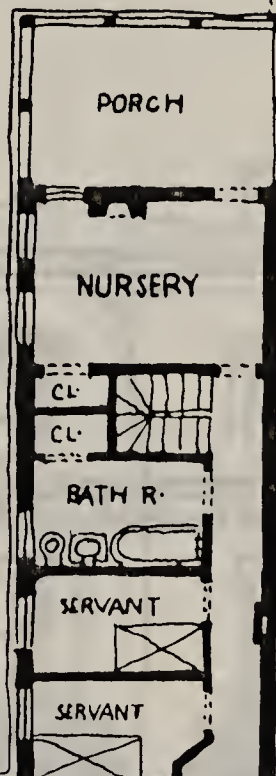
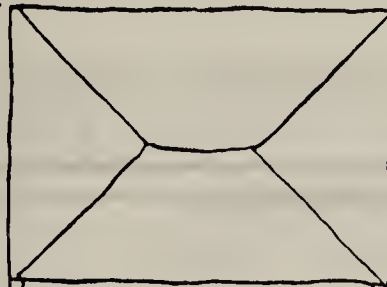
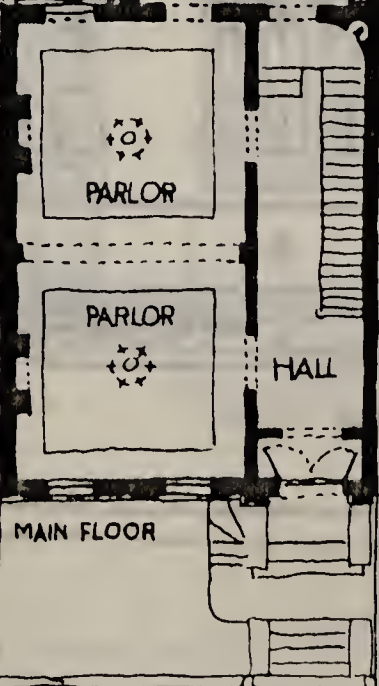




ALLEY



YARD



HOUSE OF  
THE LAWRENCE FAMILY  
618 F STREET N.W.  
WASHINGTON D.C.

SCALE OF FEET

C.M.R.



PLAN OF ROOM 1000



PLAN OF ROOM 1001



PLAN OF ROOM 1002



PLAN OF ROOM 1003



THE TOWN HOUSE  
OF  
CHARLES MASON  
AT  
BURLINGTON IOWA



FRONT ELEVATION

ETRI

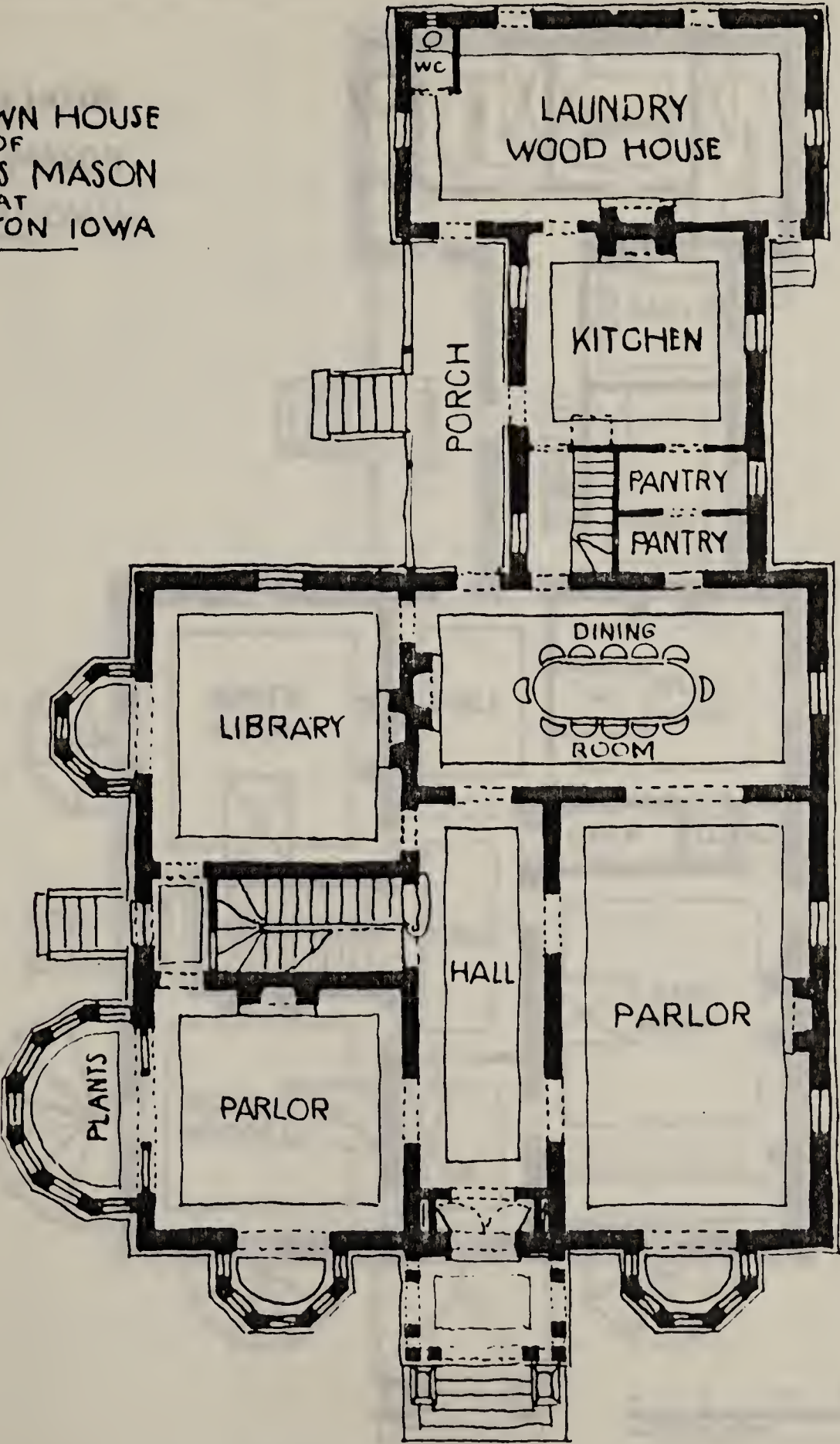
0 5 10 15  
SCALE UP FEET

C. M. R.





THE TOWN HOUSE  
OF  
CHARLES MASON  
AT  
BURLINGTON IOWA



0 5 10 15 20 25  
SCALE IN FEET  
MAIN FLOOR PLAN

C.M.R.

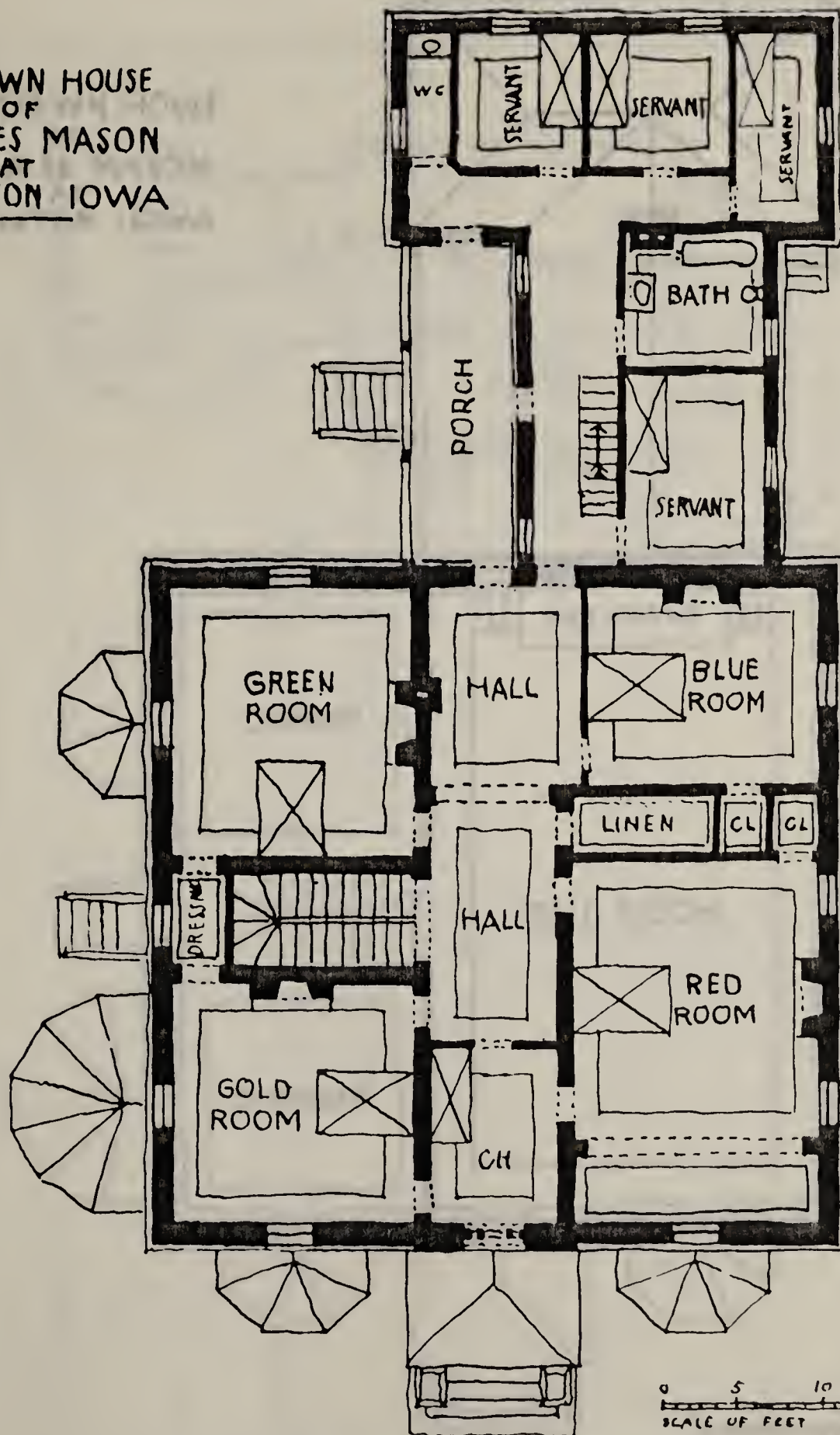
THE TOWN HOME  
OF  
CHARLES WATSON  
AT  
BURLINGTON, IOWA



PLAN ROOM HALL 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11



THE TOWN HOUSE  
OF  
CHARLES MASON  
AT  
BURLINGTON IOWA



BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN

THE TOWN HOUSE  
OF  
CHARLES HAYES  
AT  
BURLINGTON, IOWA

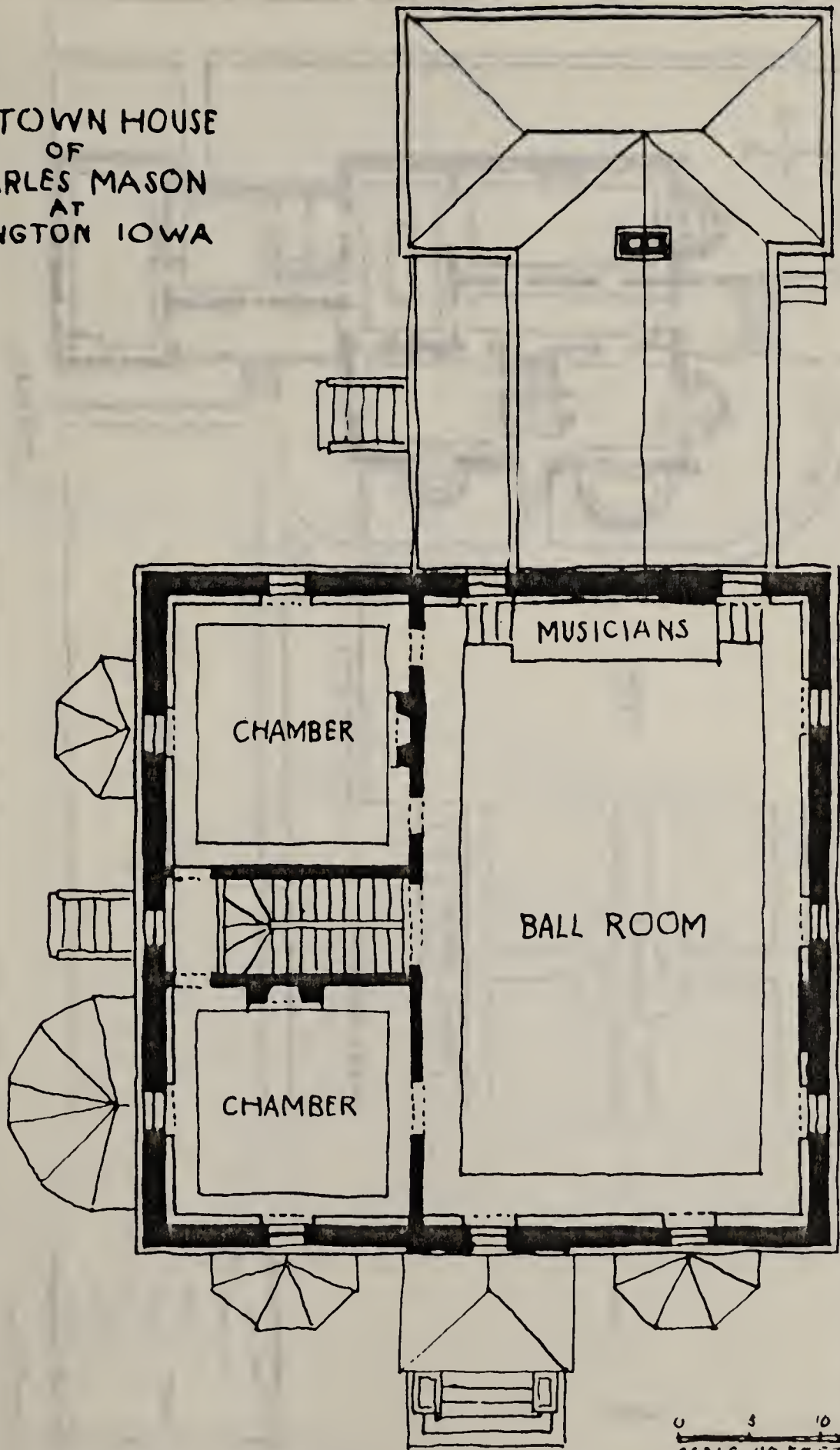


Scale 1/4" = 1'-0"

END ROOM ROOM PLAN



THE TOWN HOUSE  
OF  
CHARLES MASON  
AT  
BURLINGTON IOWA



0 5 10 15 20 25  
SCALE UP FEET

BALL ROOM FLOOR

511

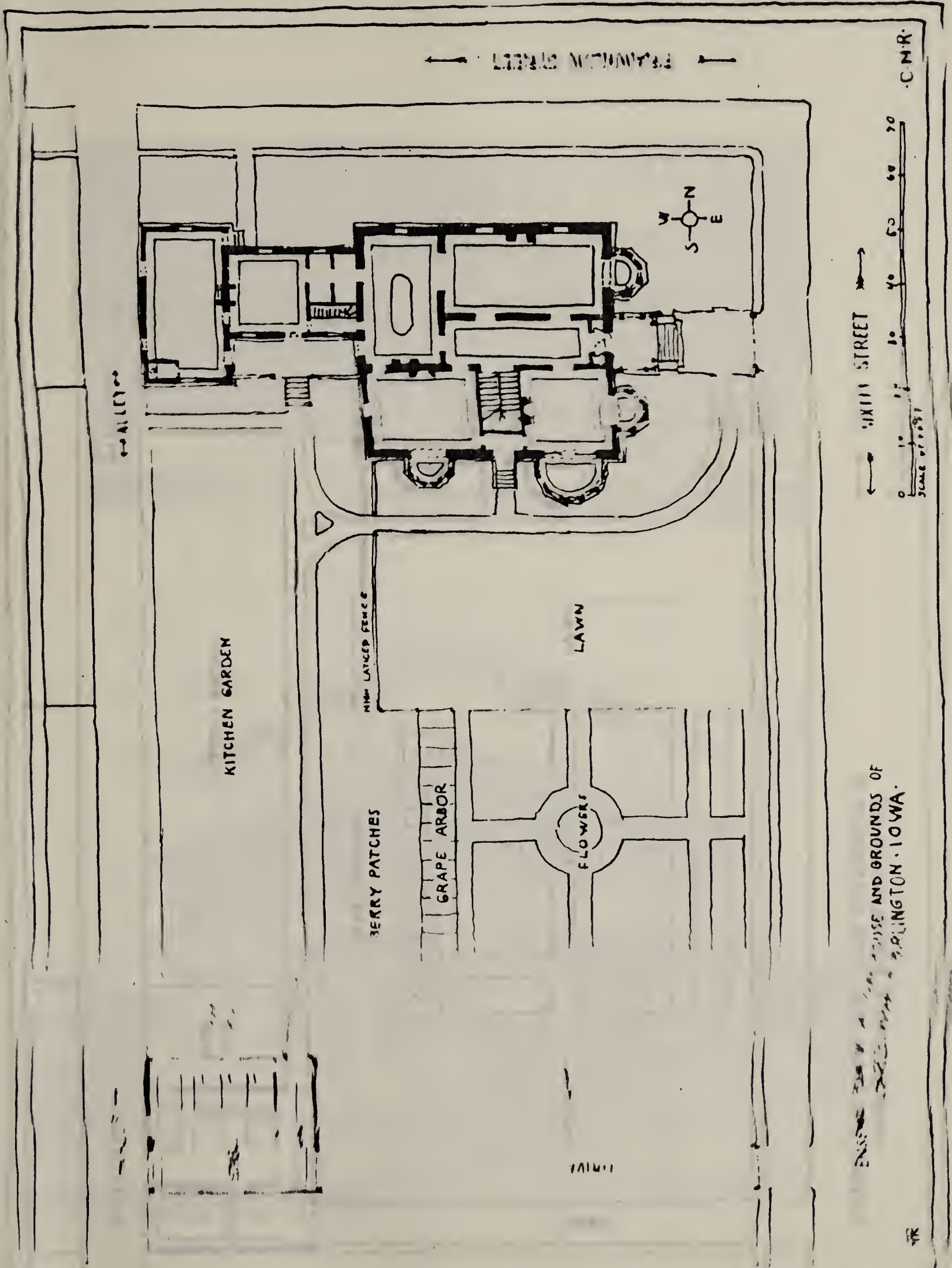
C.M.R.

THE TOWER  
OF  
CLARENDON  
AT  
OXFORD



1st FLOOR





ALLEY

KITCHEN GARDEN

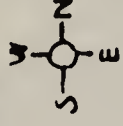
HIGH LATTICE FENCE

BERRY PATCHES

GRAPE ARBOR

LAWN

FLOWERS



HOUSE AND GROUNDS OF  
BURLINGTON, IOWA.  
1907

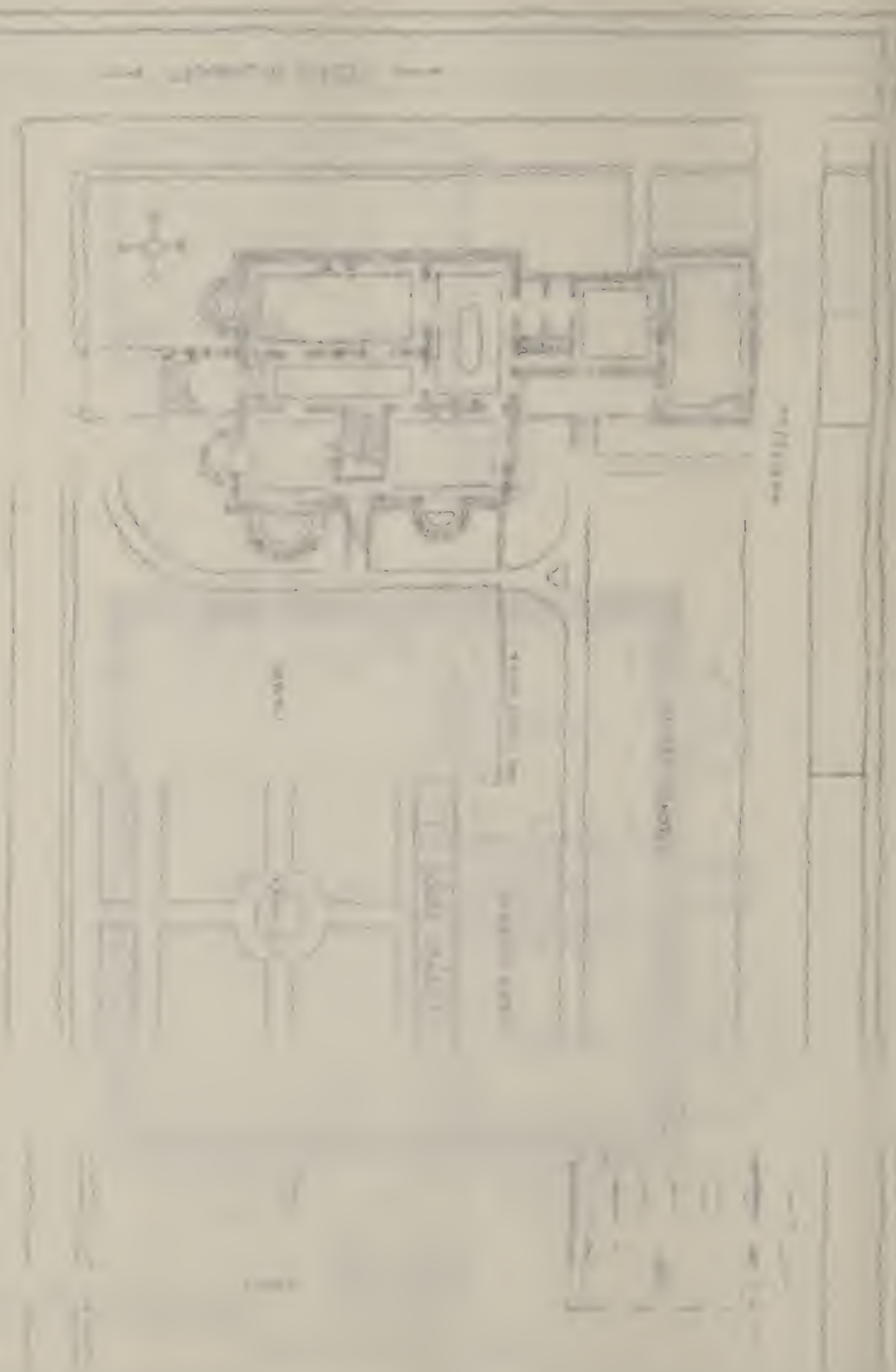
60' 40' 20' 0'  
SCALE OF FEET

0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

C.N.R.

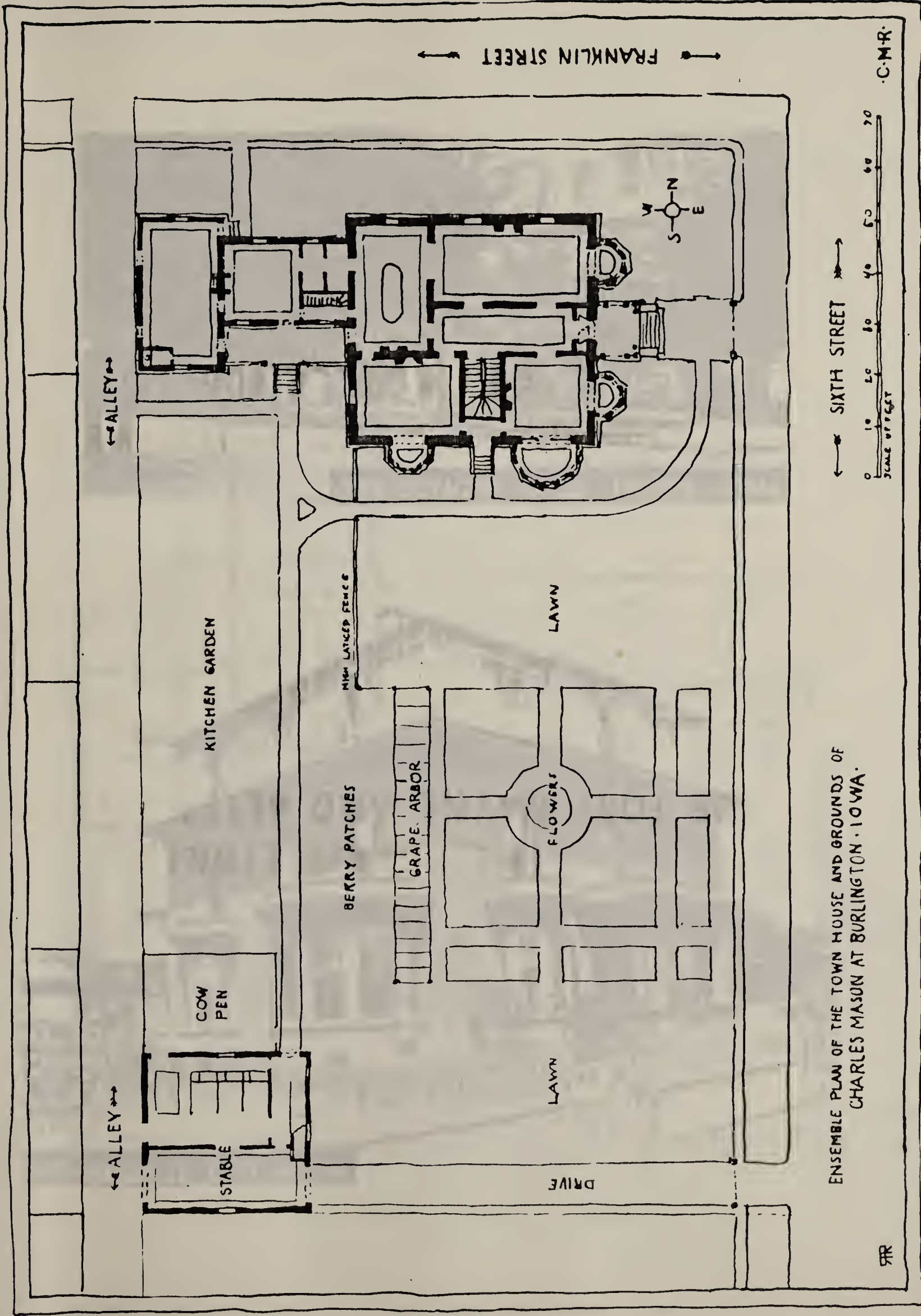
Scale 1 inch = 10 feet

Section of the building

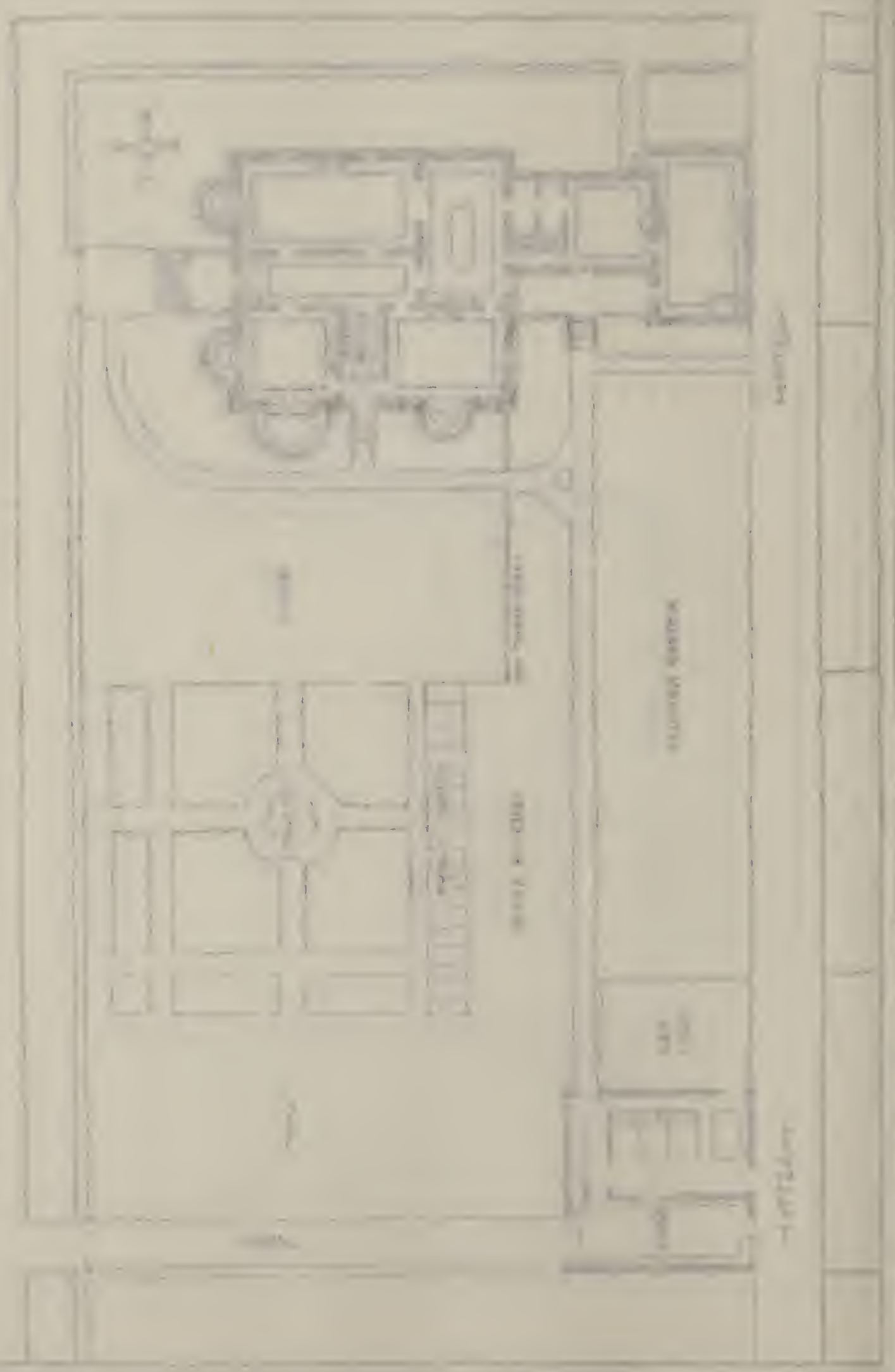


Handwritten signature or name





# 100







THE OCTAGON HOUSE KEOKUK IOWA

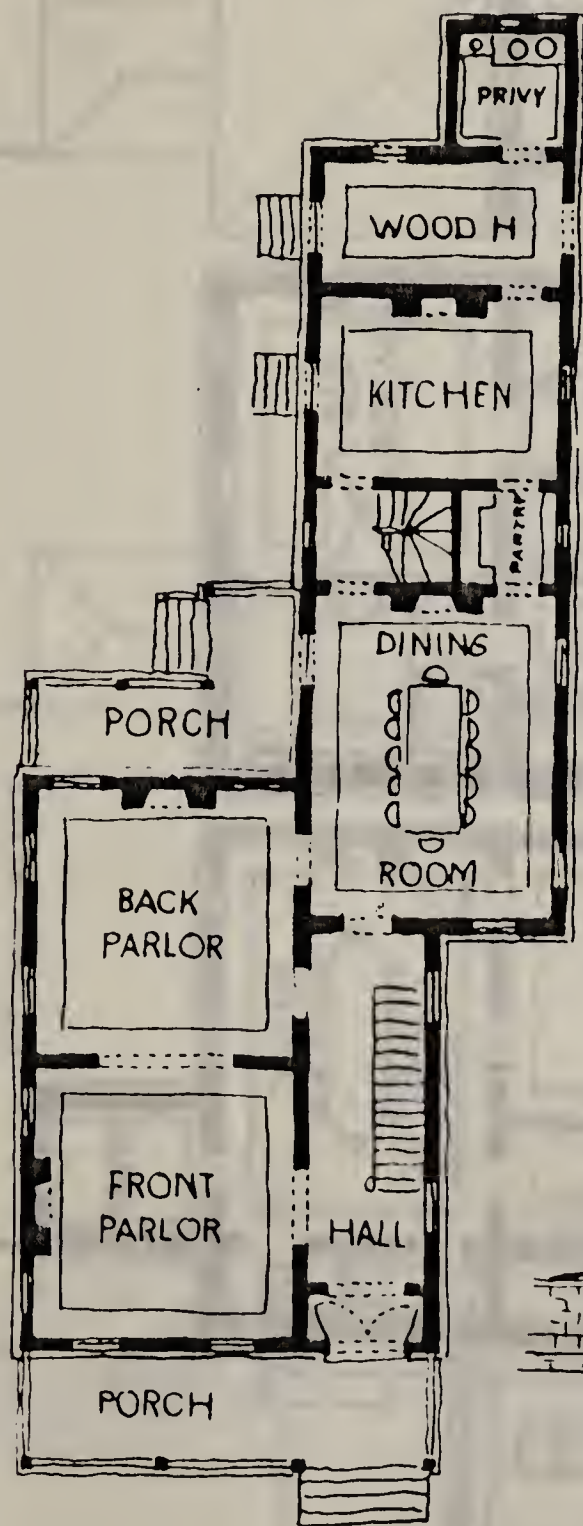


THE HOUSE IN BURLINGTON





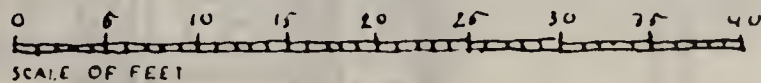




THE HOUSE OF  
WILLIAM BUTLER REMEY  
ON NORTH FIFTH STREET  
BURLINGTON IOWA



THE HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE STREET



10 Dues Hall  
 (New Building)  
 (Old Building)  
 (New Building)



This is the new building at the  
 University of the South





ADDITIONAL TOWN

ADDITIONAL TOWN

ADDITIONAL TOWN

ADDITIONAL TOWN





THE QUARTERS OF  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE U.S. NAVY YARD  
NORFOLK VIRGINIA



0 5 10 15 20 25  
SCALE IN FEET

FRONT ELEVATION

C.M.R.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF  
THE HOUSE OF  
THE HOUSE OF  
THE HOUSE OF



FROM THE

OF THE HOUSE OF

THE



THE QUARTERS  
THE CAPTAIN  
THE U.S.  
NORFOLK

GARDEN

PORCH

PARLORS

HALL

HALL

DINING

ROOM

BUTLERS PANTRY

PAVEMENT

OPEN DRAIN

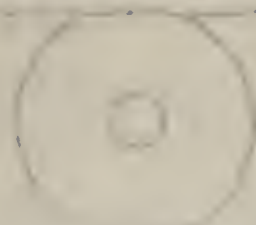
MAIN FLOOR PLAN

THE NAVY YARD WALL

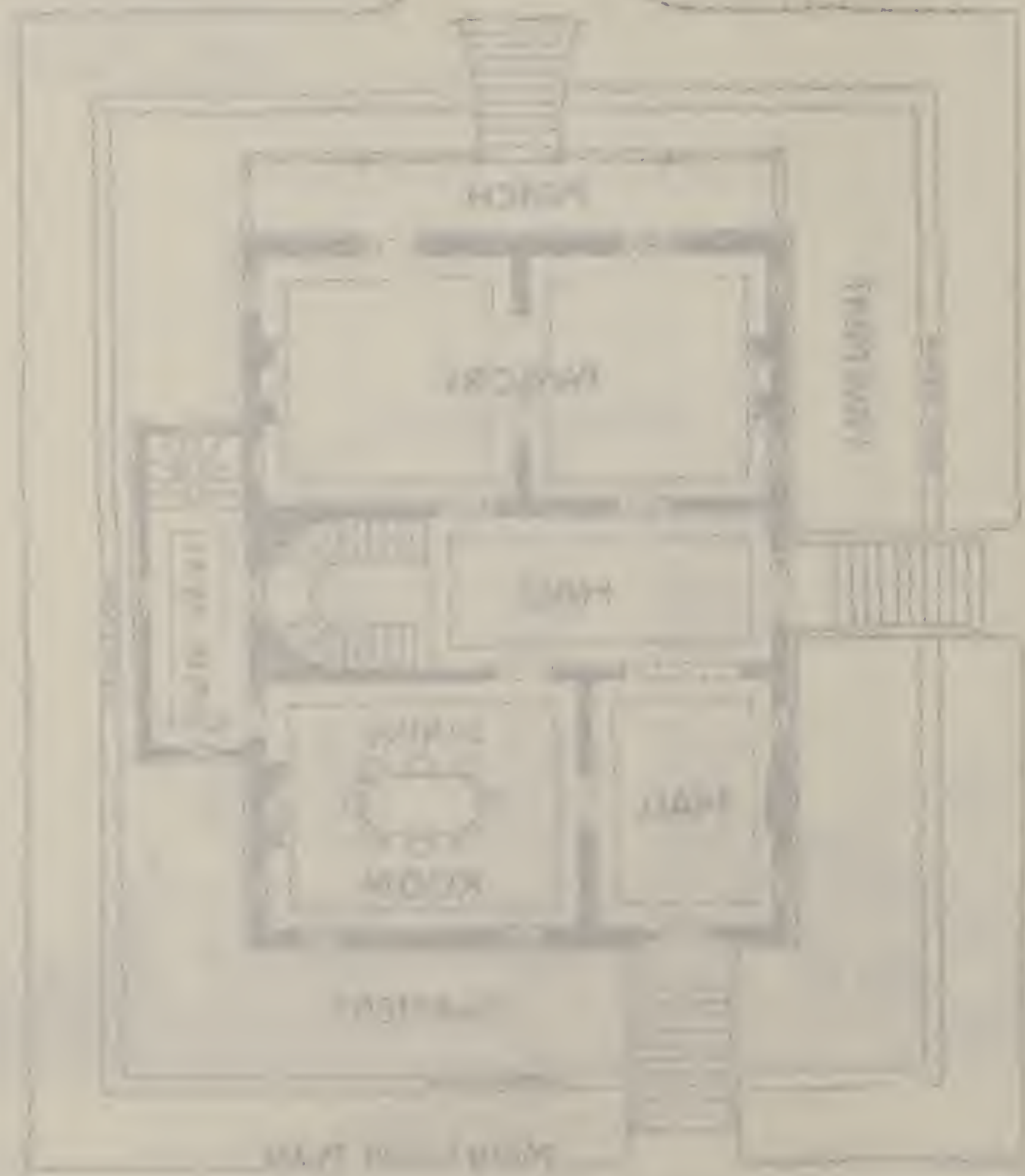
POSTERN GATE

0 5 10 15 20 25 30  
SCALE OF FEET

TO DISTEND THE  
THE CAPTAIN'S  
THE FIVE HALLS  
WENT TO A HALL

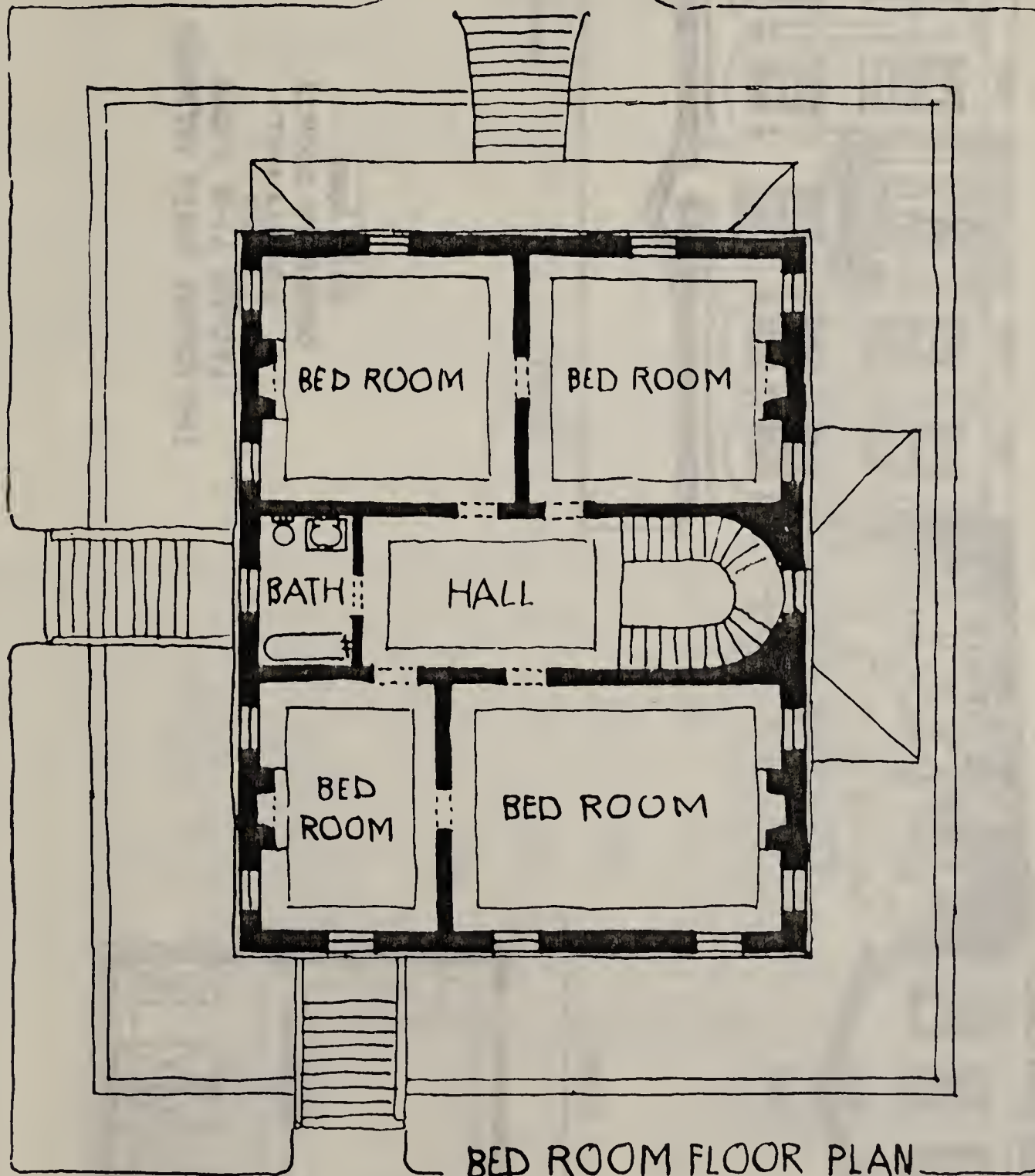


GARDEN



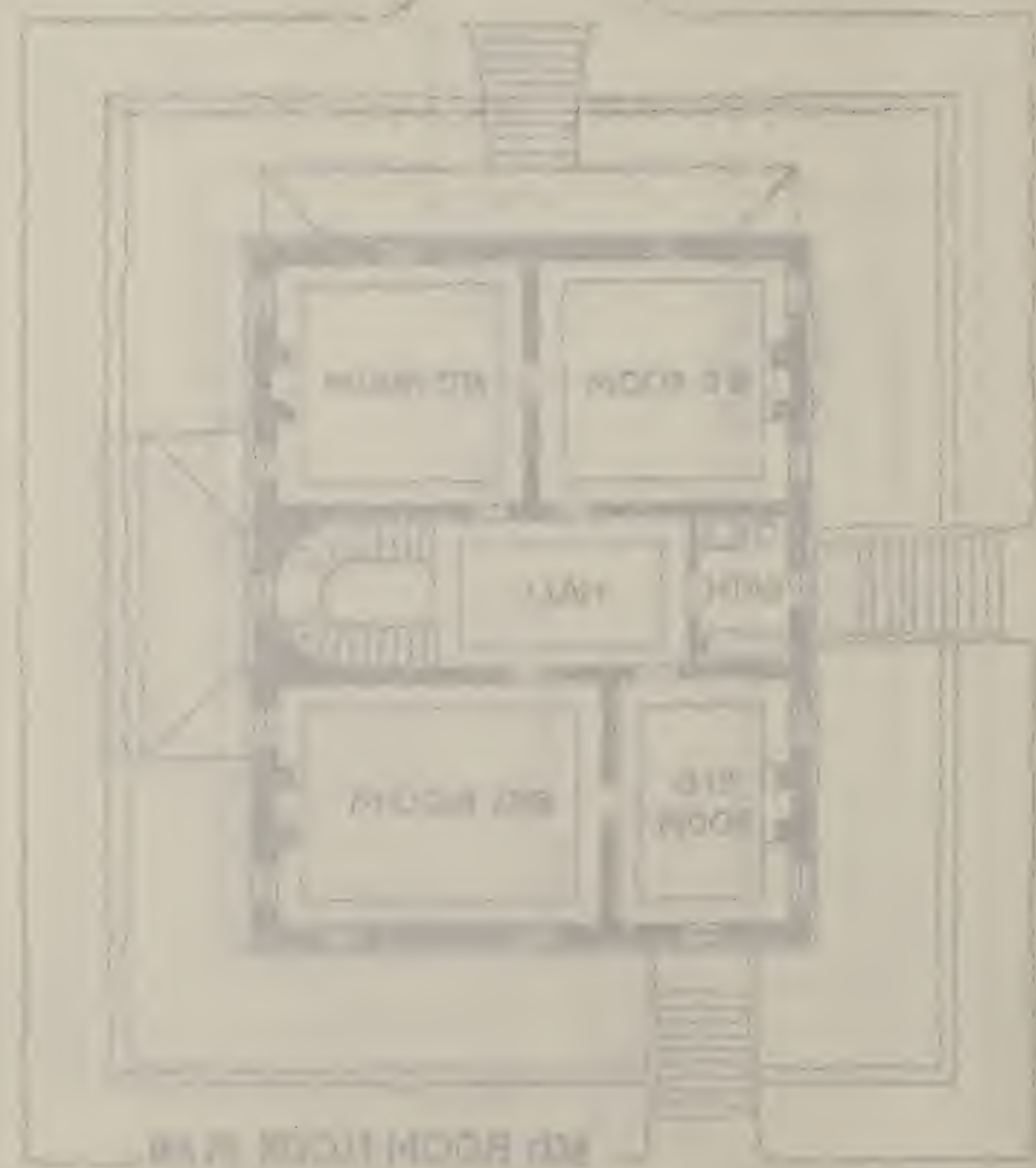


THE QUARTERS OF  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE U.S. NAVY YARD  
NORFOLK VIRGINIA

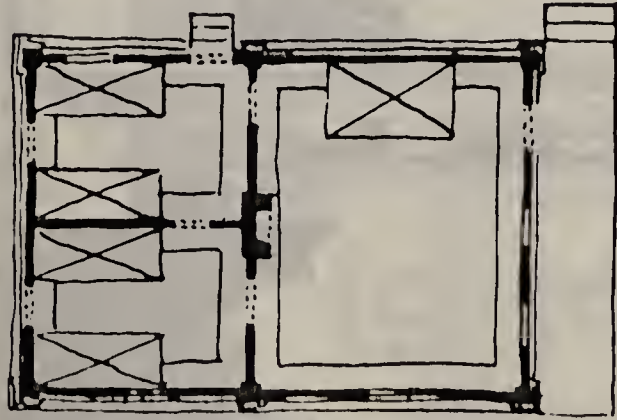


BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN

THE QUARTERS OF  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE U.S. NAVY  
HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON





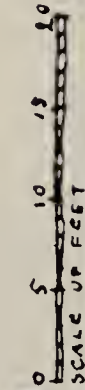


PLAN

THE SQUIRE GOTT MANSION  
FACING THE GREEN  
OR  
POMPEY HILL  
ONONDAGA COUNTY  
NEW YORK



THE SQUIRE'S LAW OFFICE  
EVENTUALLY USED AS A SUMMER COTTAGE  
BY THE REMEY FAMILY



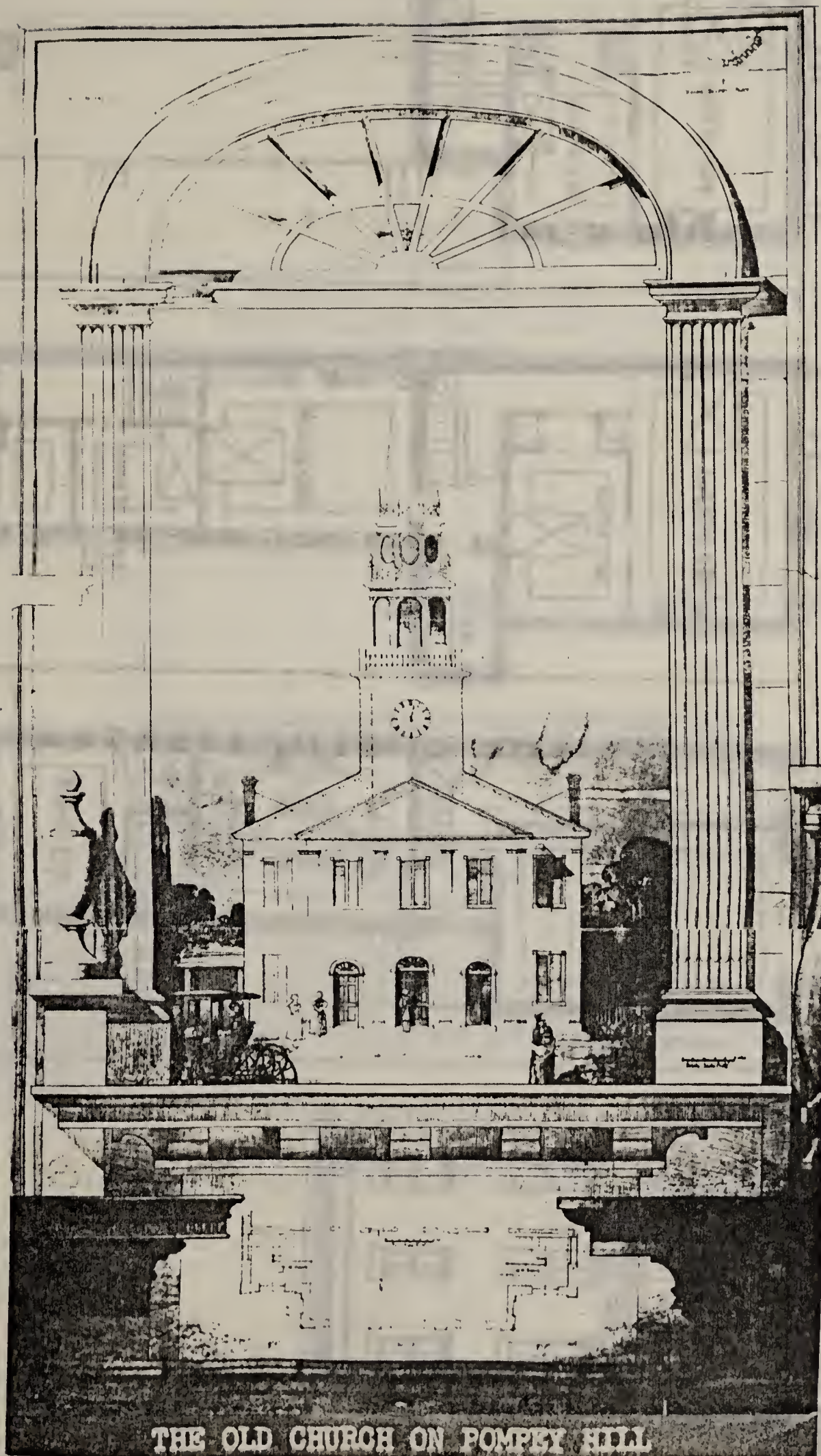
MAIN FRONT OF THE MANSION





PLAN OF HOUSE  
CONSTRUCTION DETAILS  
SEE EXHIBIT A  
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION  
SEE EXHIBIT B FOR SPECIFICATIONS

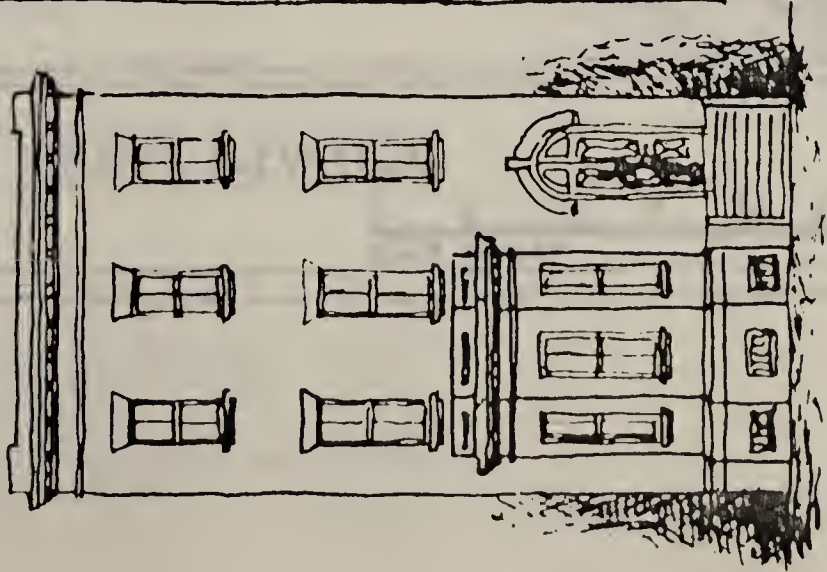




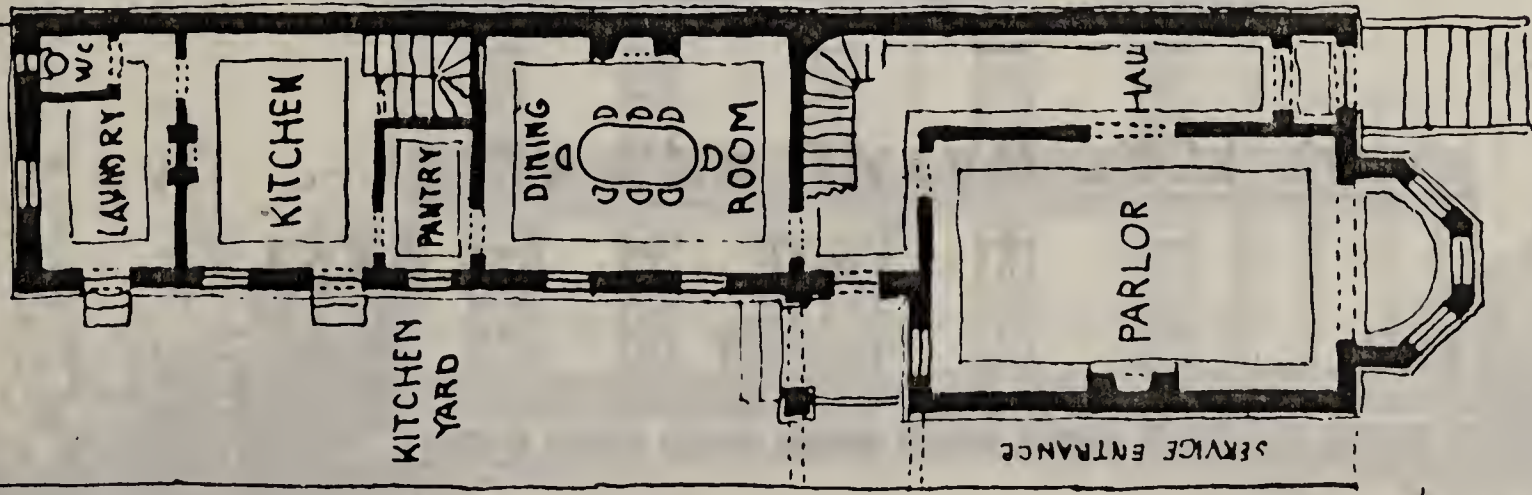
THE OLD CHURCH ON POMPEY RIDGE



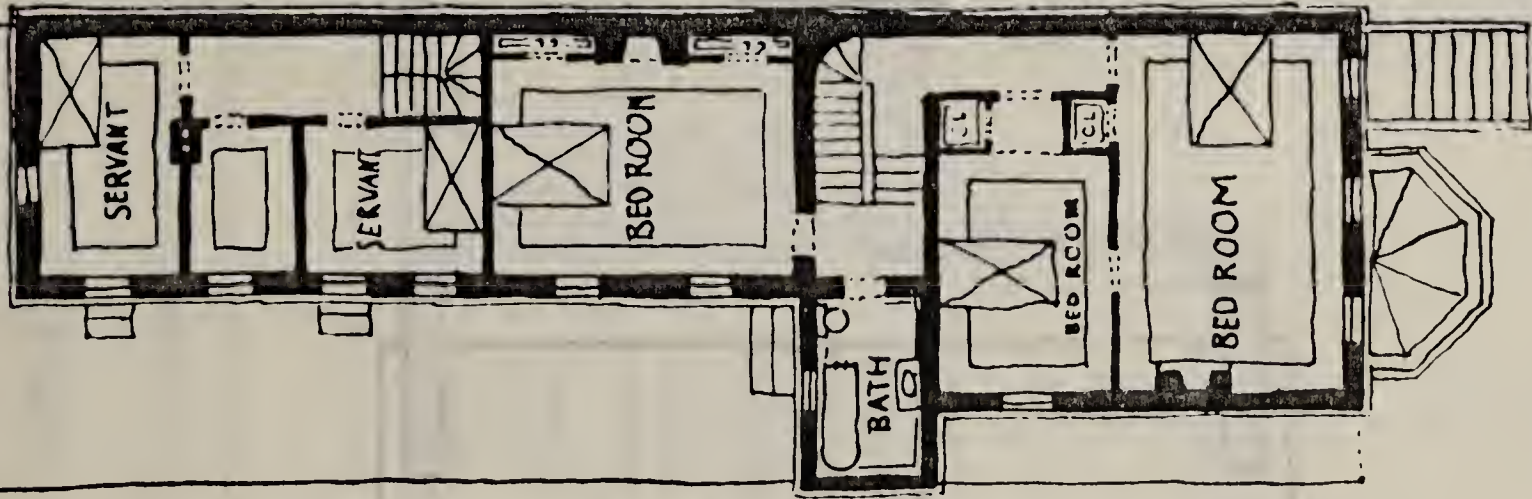




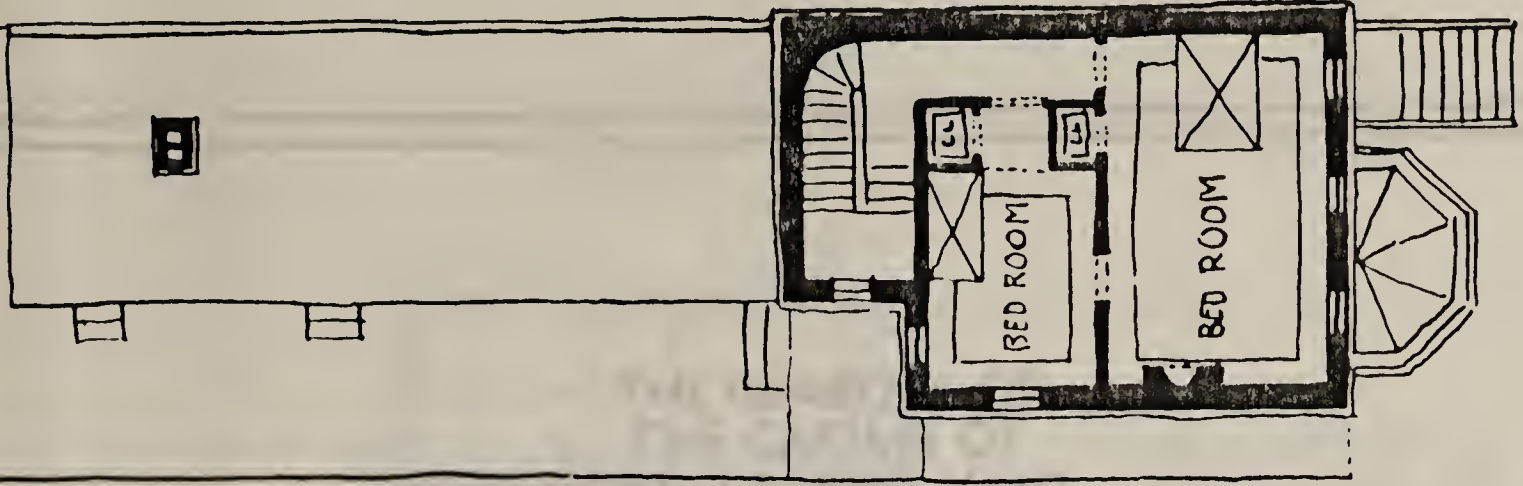
FRONT ELEVATION OF HOUSE



MAIN FLOOR PLAN



MAIN BED ROOM FLOOR



UPPER BED ROOM FLOOR

THE HOUSE AT 1419 QUE STREET

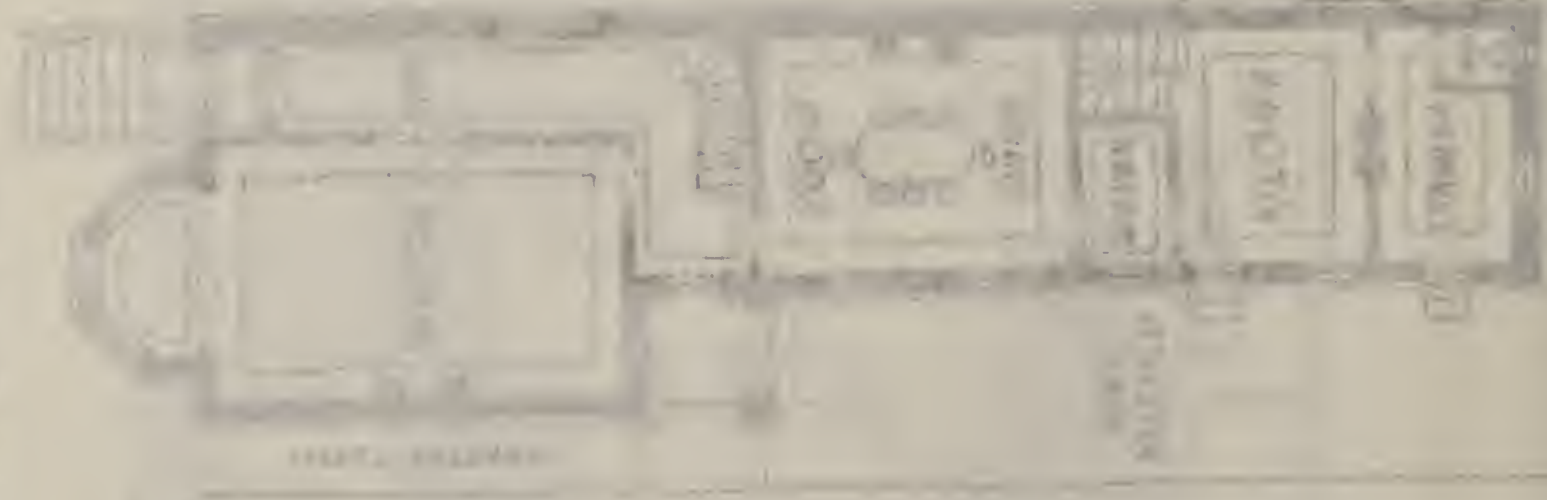
C.M.R.

Small furnished living

open stock area

with kitchen &amp; bar

Public bar area &amp; main





THE QUARTERS OF  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE U.S. NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE



FRONT ELEVATION

RR

0 5 10 15 20 25 C.M.R.  
SCALE OF FEET

THE CHURCH OF  
THE CLAYTON  
THE U. S. ARMY  
FORT MONTELEONE, TEXAS

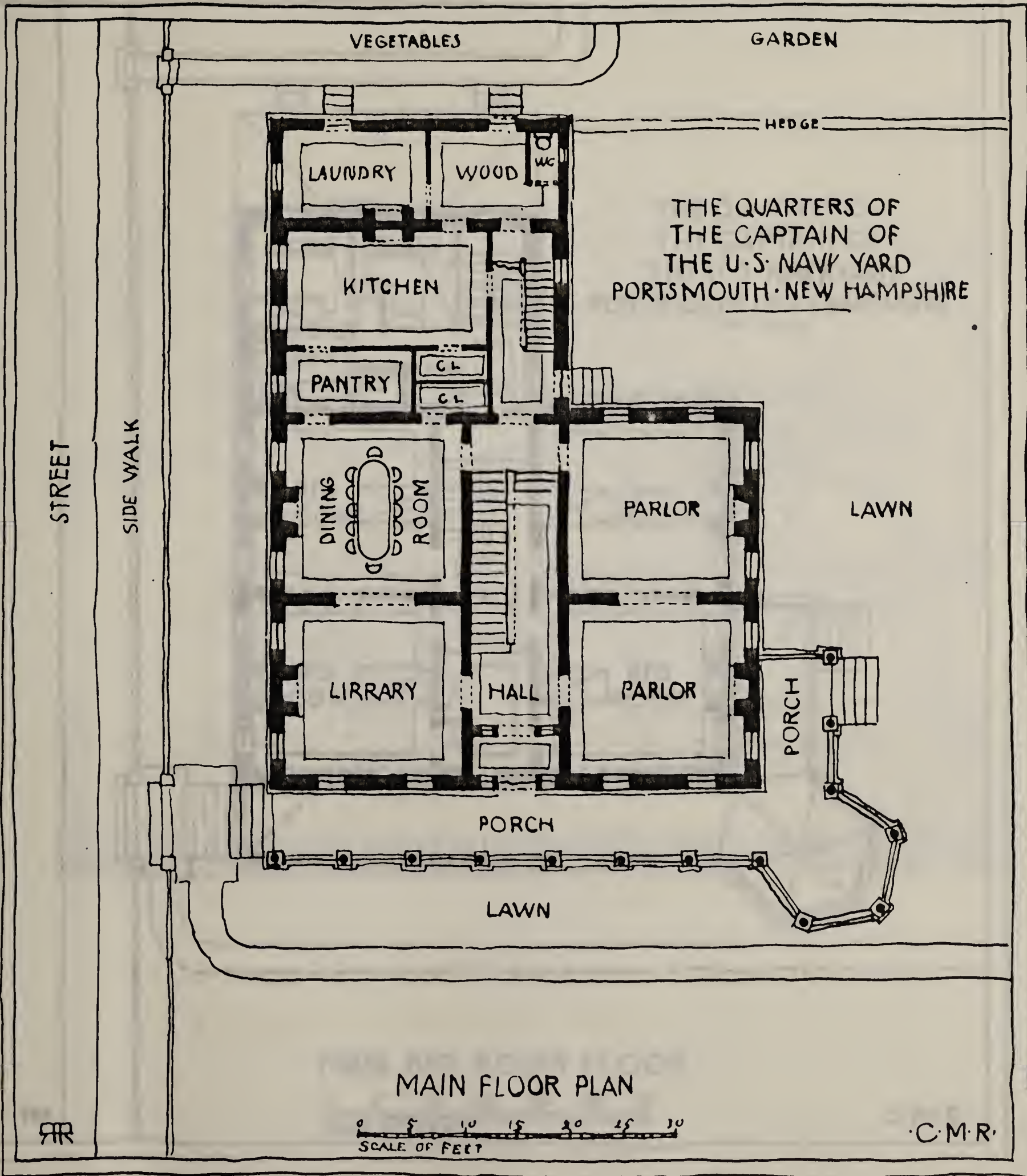


WILLIAM H. HART

AND ARCHITECT

1888

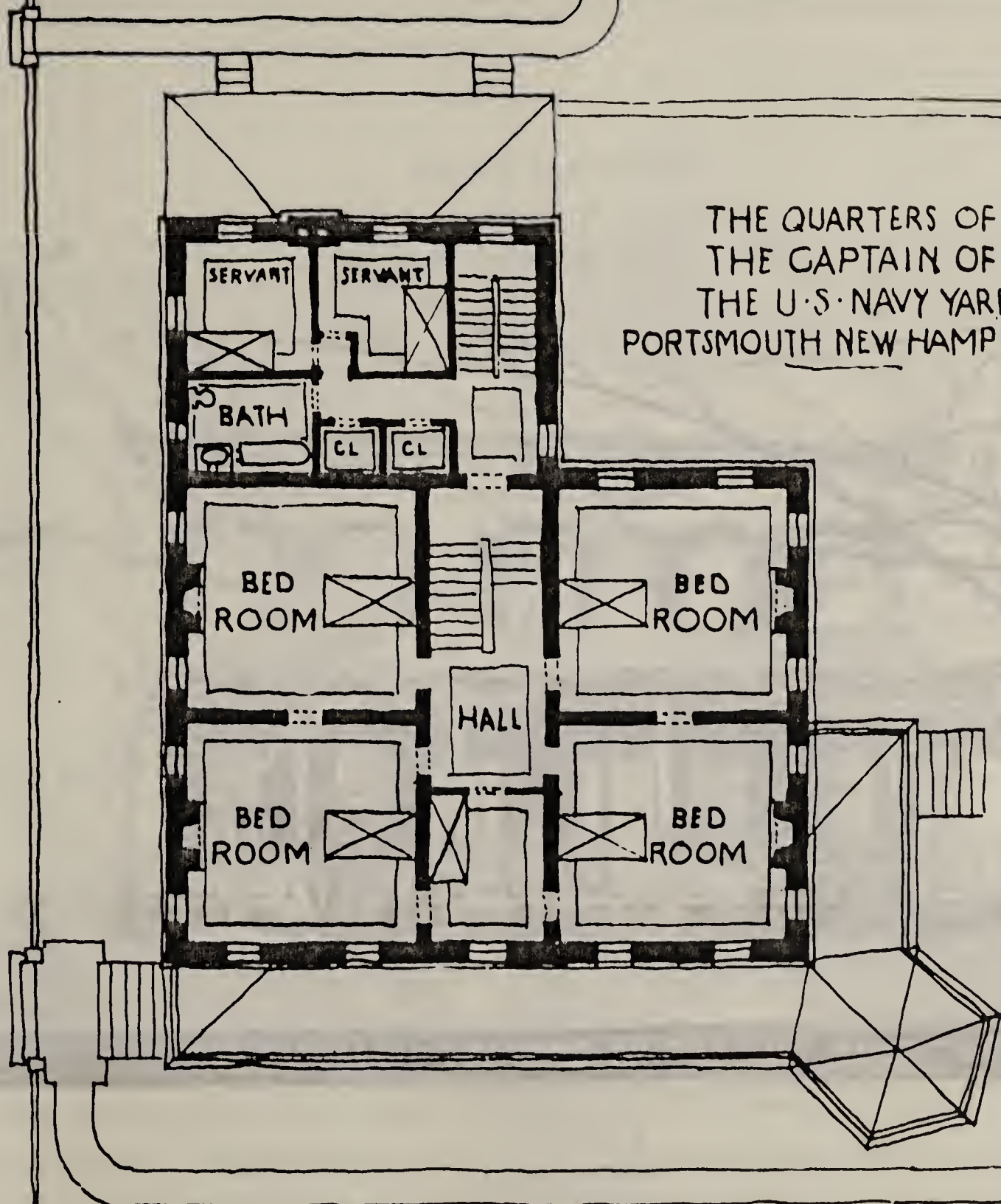




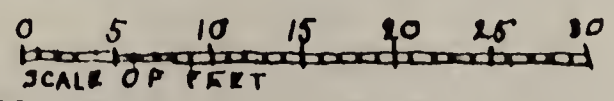




THE QUARTERS OF  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE U.S. NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE



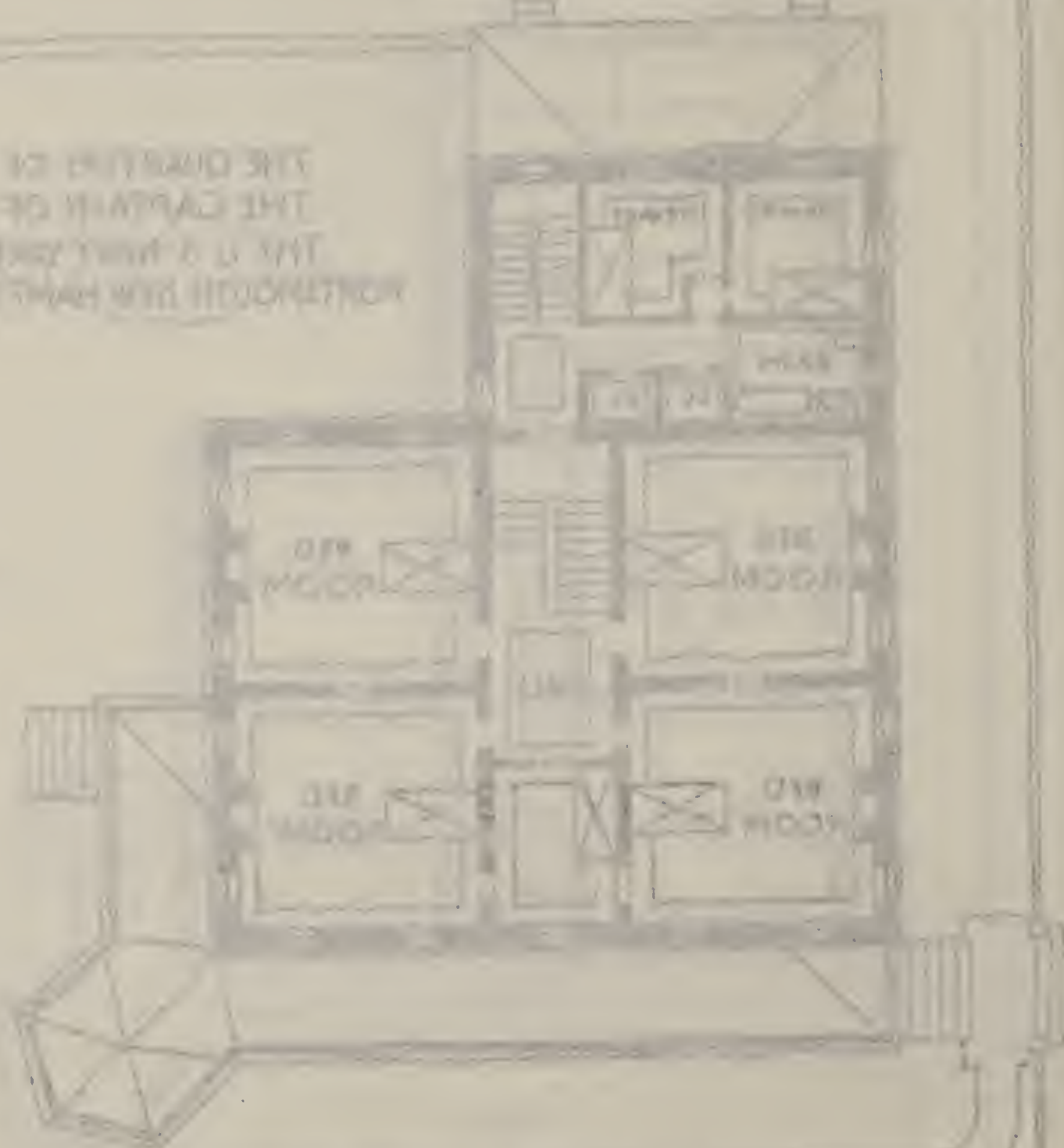
MAIN BED ROOM FLOOR



RR

C.M.R.

TO BE USED BY  
THE CAPTAIN OF  
THE U.S. NAVY  
HOSPITAL THE HAWAII



MAIN FLOOR

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

END

END





THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS ON THE NAVY YARD





FRONT ELEVATION  
OF  
THE RESIDENCE QUARTERS  
OF THE COMMANDANT OF  
THE U. S. NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE



97R

0 5 10 15 20 25 30  
SCALE OF FEET

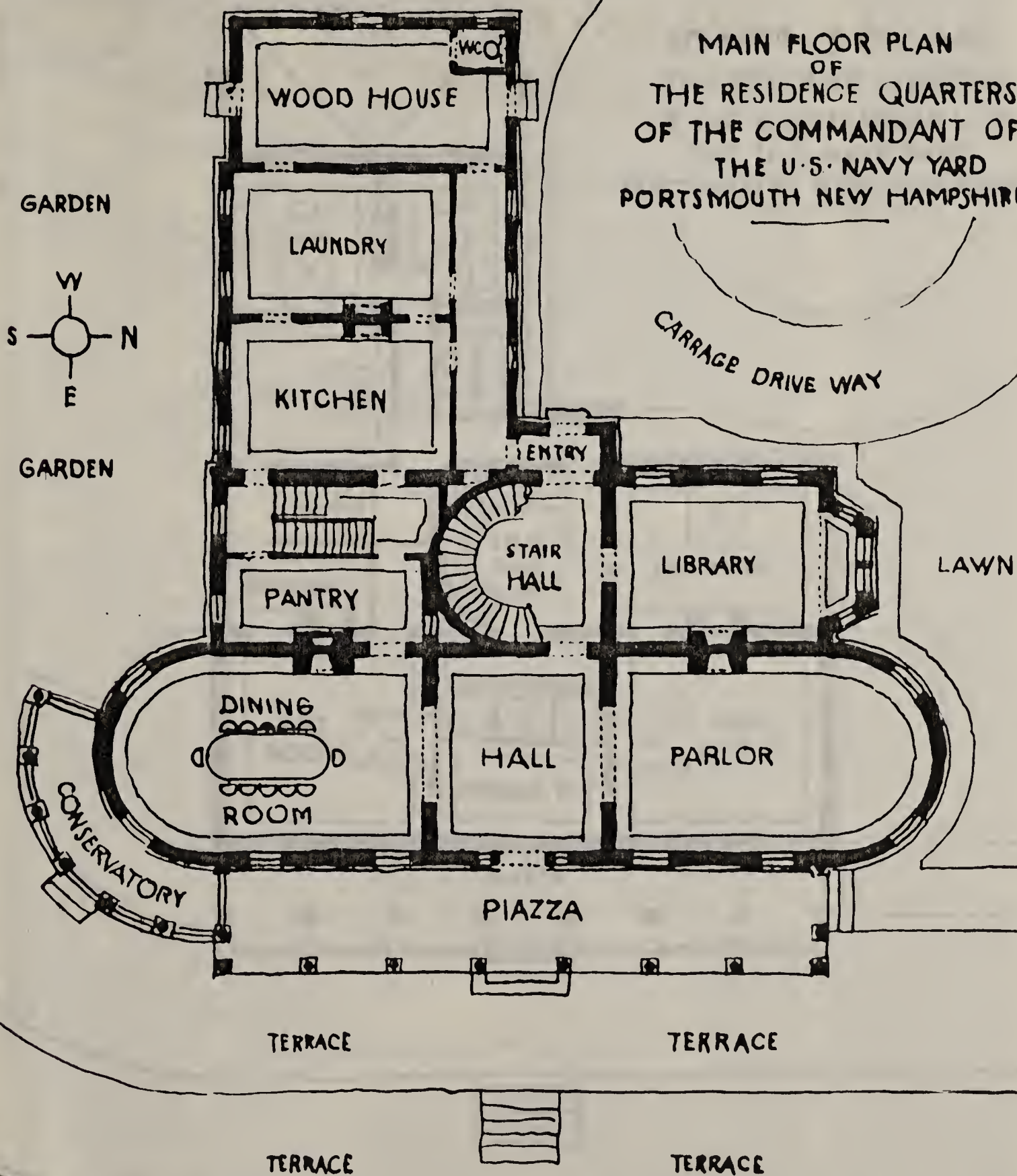
C.M.R.

FRONT ELEVATION  
 OF THE RESIDENCE QUARTER  
 OF THE COMMANDANT OF  
 THE U. S. NAVY YARD  
 PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE





MAIN FLOOR PLAN  
OF  
THE RESIDENCE QUARTERS  
OF THE COMMANDANT OF  
THE U.S. NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE



71R

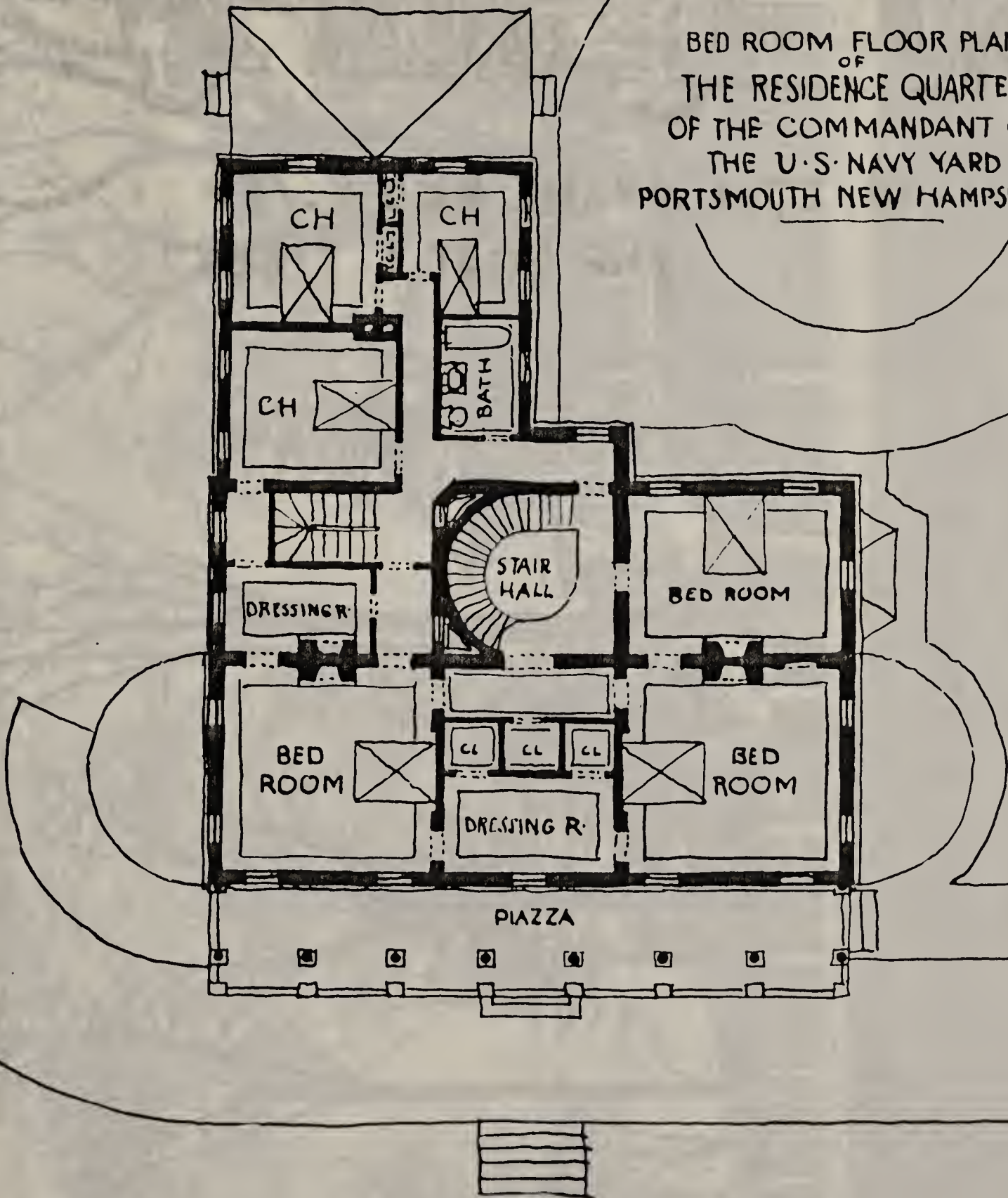
0 5 10 15 20 25  
SCALE OF FEET

C.M.R.





BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN  
OF  
THE RESIDENCE QUARTERS  
OF THE COMMANDANT OF  
THE U.S. NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE



RR

0 5 10 15 20 25  
SCALE IN FEET

C.M.R.

ROOM FLOOR PLAN  
 THE RESIDENCE OF  
 OF THE COMMANDER OF  
 THE 1st BATTALION  
 10th REGIMENT NEW YORK







JANUARY 1920 34

THE COMMANDANTS RESIDENCE - NAVY YARD - PORTSMOUTH - N-H







EIGHTEENTH STREET

THE HOUSE OF  
THE REMEY FAMILY  
1527 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE  
NORTH WEST  
WASHINGTON-D.C.



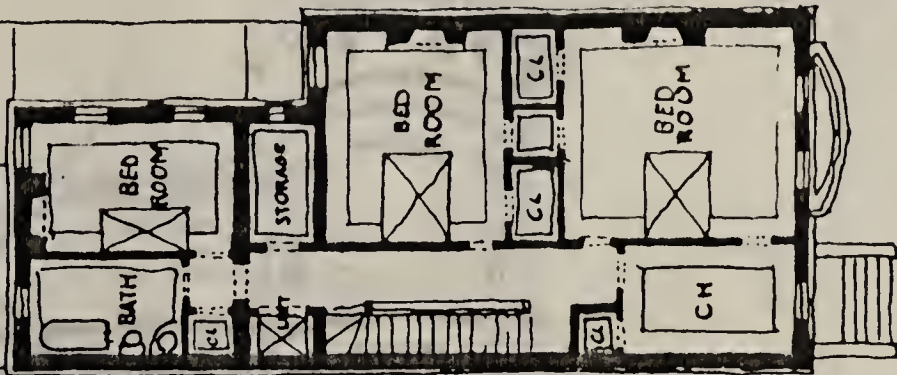
FRONT ELEVATION



MAIN FLOOR PLAN



MAIN BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN



SECOND BED ROOM FLOOR C.M.R.

1000 1000 1000 1000

1000 1000 1000 1000

1000 1000 1000 1000

1000 1000 1000 1000



1000 1000 1000 1000





1927 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVE. N.W.  
WASHINGTON D.C.



THE QUARTERDECK  
JAMESTOWN, RHODE ISLAND

THE HOUSE OF MARY REMEY WADLEIGH



WEST WALL, TEMPLE OF ASHTOREH  
AT SUSA

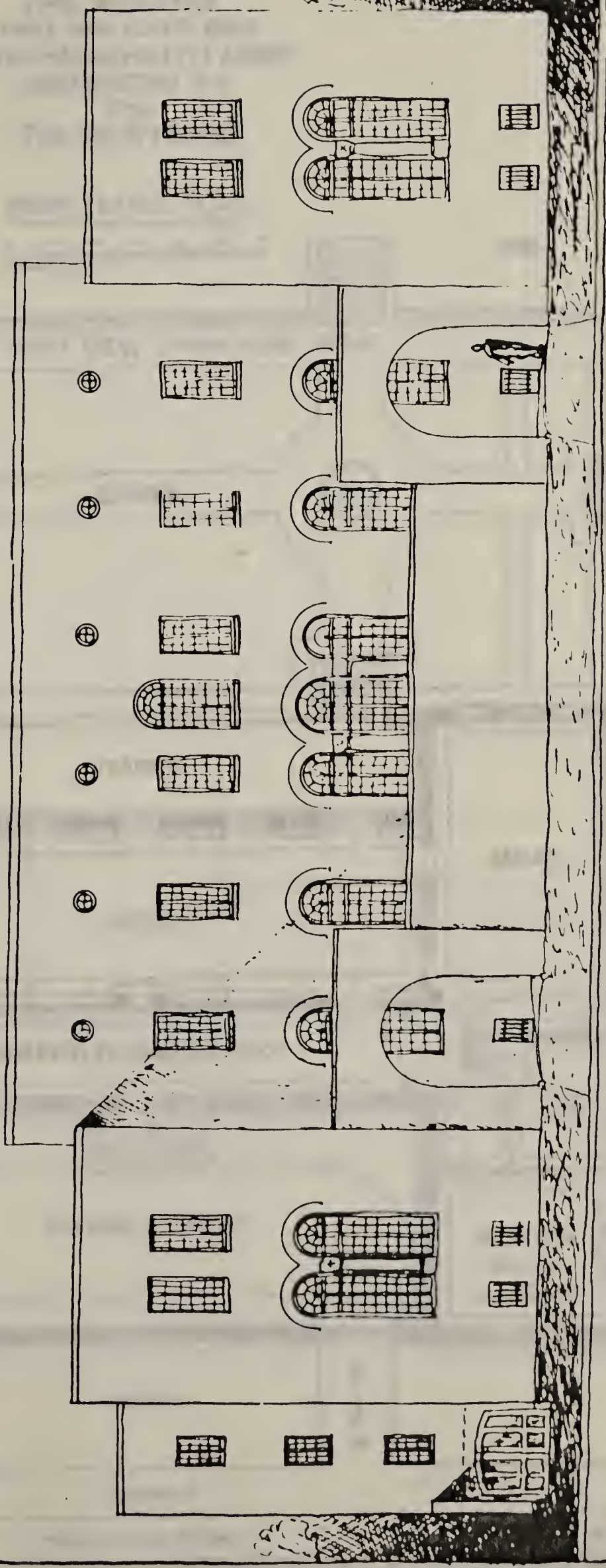
TEMPLE OF ASHTOREH, SUSA



THE TEMPLE OF ASHTOREH, SUSA



THE RESIDENCE  
 THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
 UPON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
 WASHINGTON D. C.  
 FOR  
 THE REMEY FAMILY



FRONT ELEVATION



CMD

57R





THE RESIDENCE  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
UPON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
WASHINGTON D.C.  
FOR  
THE REMEY FAMILY



MAIN FLOOR PLAN



PARK

PARK

TERRACE WITH VIEW DOWN OVER PARK

GARDEN

TERRACE

LIBRARY

PARLOR

TAPESTRIED ENTRANCE CORRIDOR

POWDER  
ROOM

ENTRANCE COURT

RECEPTION  
ROOM  
OR  
GUEST CHAMBER

KITCHEN

STAIR HALL  
DOWN TO COAT ROOM

PANTRIES

SERVICE COURT

DINING

ROOM

PARKING

OUT

IN

SIDEWALK

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

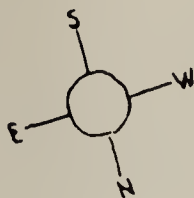
RR

G.M.R.



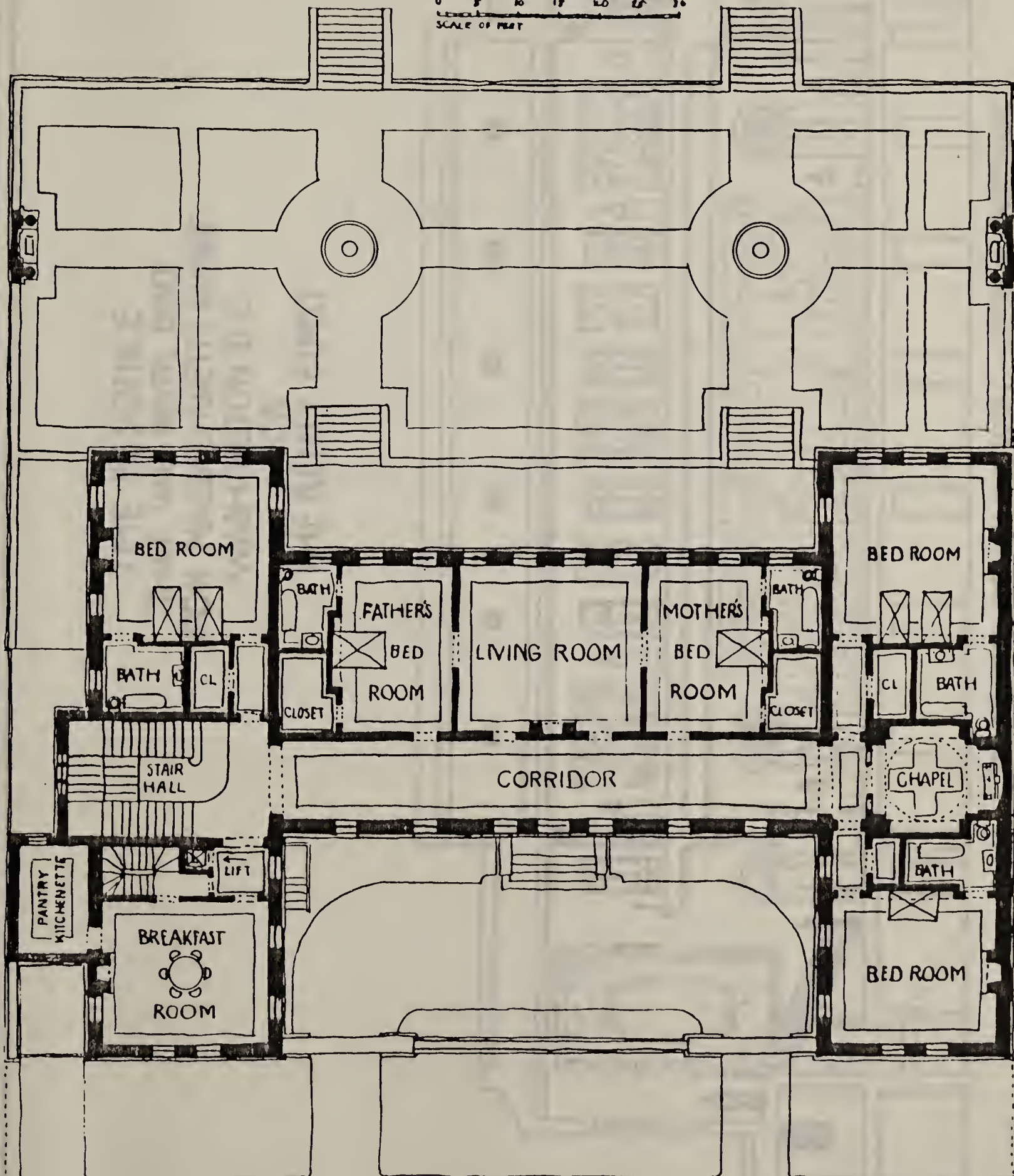


THE RESIDENCE  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
UPON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
WASHINGTON D.C.  
FOR  
THE REMEY FAMILY



BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN

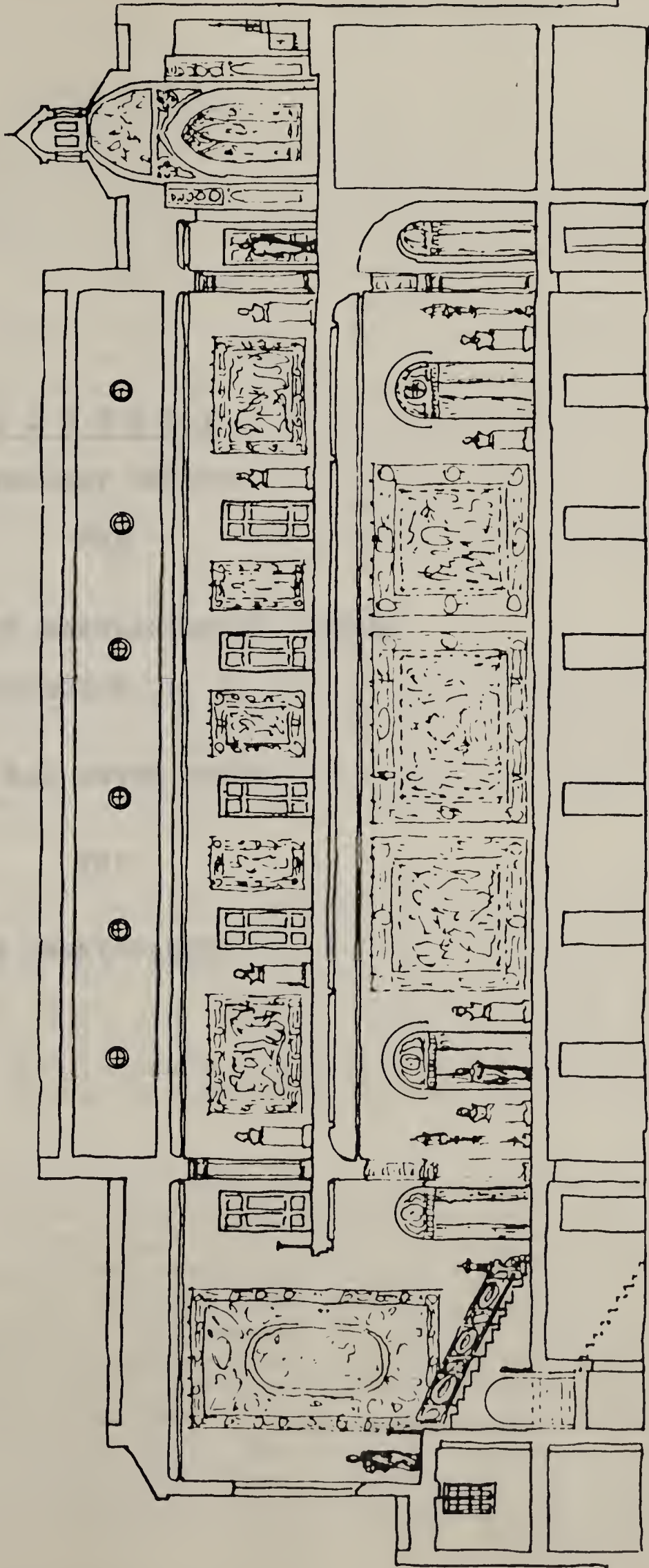
0 5 10 15 20 25 30  
SCALE OF FEET







THE RESIDENCE  
 THAT WAS NEVER BUILT  
 UPON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
 WASHINGTON D.C.  
 FOR  
 THE REMEY FAMILY



TRANSVERSE SECTION SHOWING INTERIOR TREATMENT





A D D E N D A

A VARIANT DESIGN

FOR

THE HOUSE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THAT WAS NEVER BUILT

FOR

THE REMEY FAMILY

ALBERTA

1914-1915

1914

THE OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

OF THE LANDS

AND MINES

1914

1914-1915



## A D D E N D A

After the completion of the text descriptive of the foregoing designs of houses, it occurs to me to include this variant design for the large house on Massachusetts Avenue, the studies for which I made some years ago at the same time along with the other plans for this house that was never built.

Both of these designs, the original and this variant, are so very similar that the description of the first that is already given here can be applied to many parts of this variant as well, the chief difference in these two solutions of this problem of these houses being that in this variant concept I have made the cellar story of the former into a full story in the latter, or variant, design that has here become the entrance floor of the house - thus enlarging to a considerable extent the livable floor space of the house and making it more adapted for entertaining.

This conception of this larger house was the result of a proposal from my neighbor to the west of my lot of 125 feet frontage on Massachusetts Avenue - Mrs. Edward Montgomery. At that time there was a vacant lot between our properties that has since been built upon. Mrs. Montgomery's proposition was that we jointly should purchase this vacant lot, then make a partition of it between ourselves.

For a time I considered this deal, thinking that, with an added ten feet to my lot giving me a total frontage of 135 feet, I could thus improve the arrangement of my original design. It was while this matter was pending that this variant plan was evolved. But then, for reasons already alluded to in the text of the original plan, my thought of building this very large house was abandoned because of the uncertain economic condition of finances in those early days of the great depression.

In this variant design one can see at a glance the great advantage that it would be to have an entrance floor below the main or principal or parlor floor, thus affording more ample cloak and coat rooms and other rooms, with an office and a reception room that the first design does not provide. Moreover, here is a spacious entrance hall that in the former plan was combined with the main hall of the house which, for entertaining, would not give the space for circulation that this variant arrangement provides. This latter plan provides also for a conservatory for plants and a sun room opening out upon the garden with a game room below, as well as for more storage space and for a monumental staircase up to the main





floor that was not required in the original plan, while the closets on the bedroom floor are of more ample dimensions.

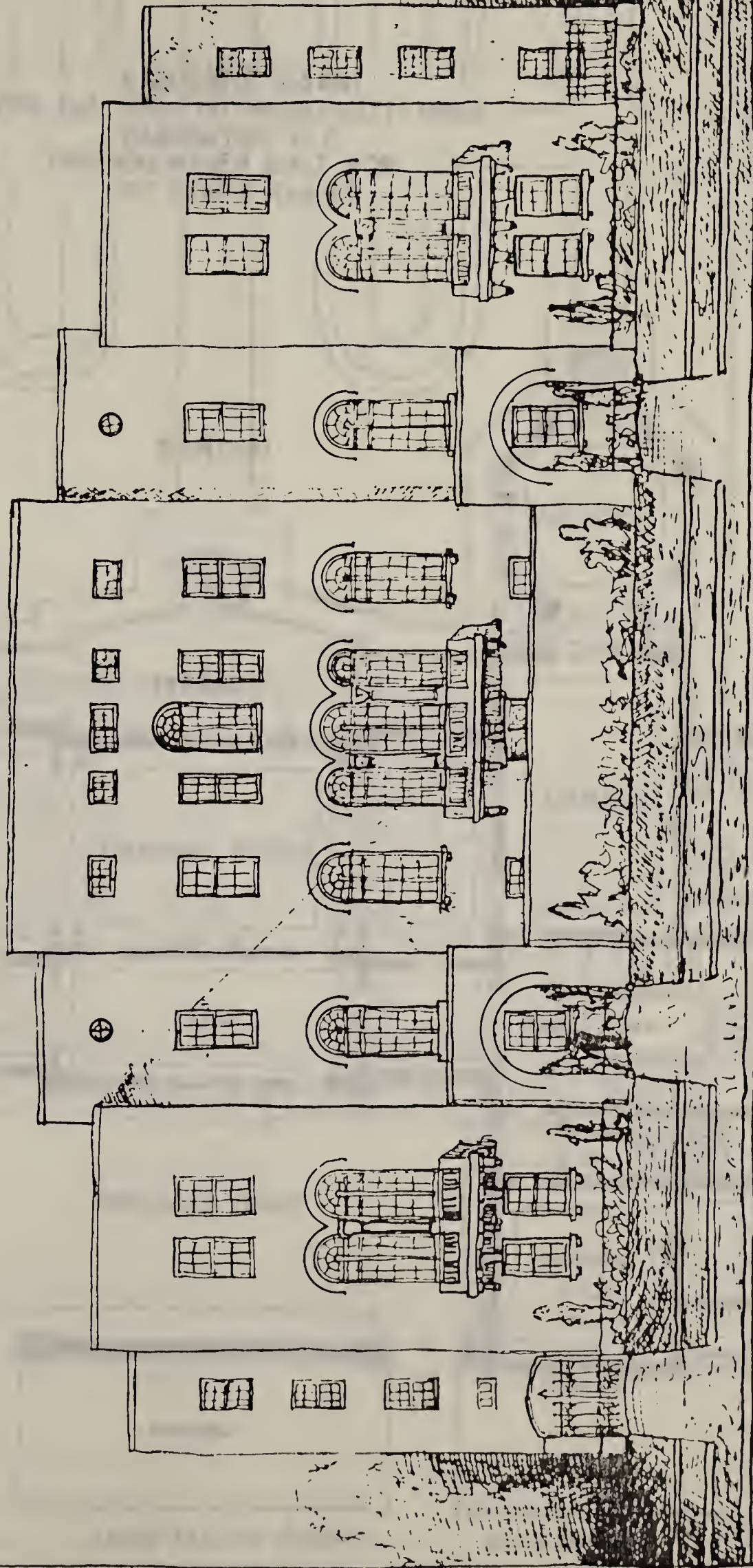
The arrangement of the service portions of the house are the same in both designs, two men servants' rooms below the main floor with two women servants' rooms with bath on a mezzanine floor in the kitchen wing of the house. In the attic story is the same space for extra bedrooms and store rooms that is in the first design.

In both of these plans the arrangement is the same for the pipe organ, with its blower and pipes on the floor below the main or drawing room floor so arranged that the sound would speak up through grilled openings in the floor into the large rooms on the main floor. This method is approved by organ builders and found to be as acceptable as the arrangements where the pipes are on the same level as the audience or are upon a higher level speaking down through a ceiling. This latter arrangement was adopted in the smaller house that I eventually built on a portion of this land on Massachusetts Avenue where the organ pipes were installed in a penthouse above the music room, with the blower mechanism two stories below in the basement of the house.





A VARIANT DESIGN  
 FOR THE HOUSE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
 WASHINGTON · D.C.  
 THAT WAS NEVER BUILT FOR  
 THE REMEY FAMILY



9M

0 5 10 15 20 25

FRONT ELEVATION

THE SCALE OPPOSITE IS IN FEET

· C.M.R. ·





A VARIANT DESIGN  
FOR THE HOUSE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
WASHINGTON · D · C.  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT FOR  
THE REMEY FAMILY

GARDEN

PLANTS

SUN ROOM

TERRACE

DINING

ROOM

BUTLERS PANTRY

DRAWING ROOM

LIBRARY

STAIRS  
DOWN  
TO  
OFFICE

STAIRS UP

HALL

STAIRS DOWN

LIFT

SERVICE  
STAIRS

STAIRS  
UP

ENTRANCE COURT

KITCHEN

DRAWING  
ROOM

PARKING

TO GARAGE

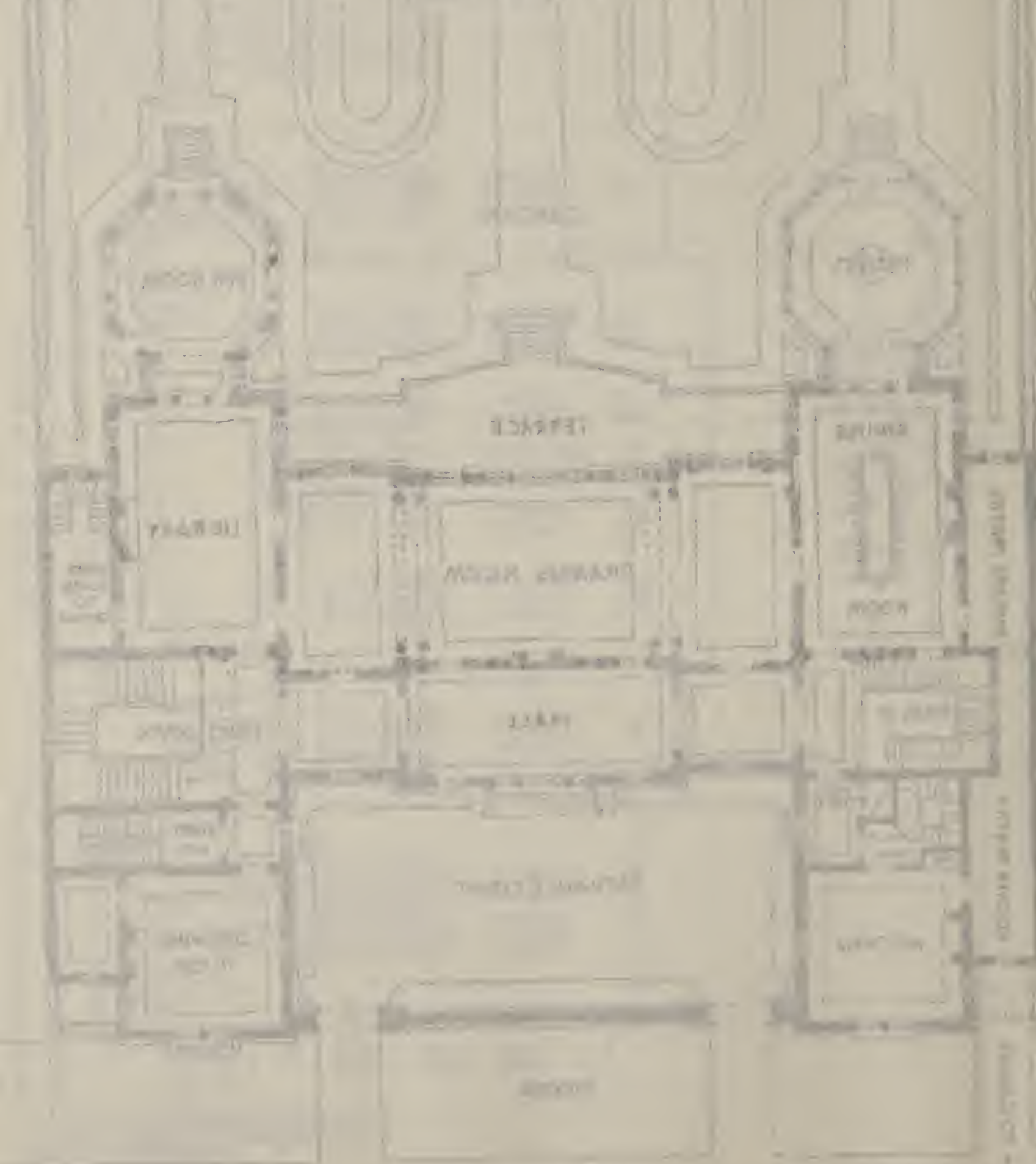
0 5 10 15 20 25

MAIN FLOOR PLAN

SCALE OF FEET OPPOSITE

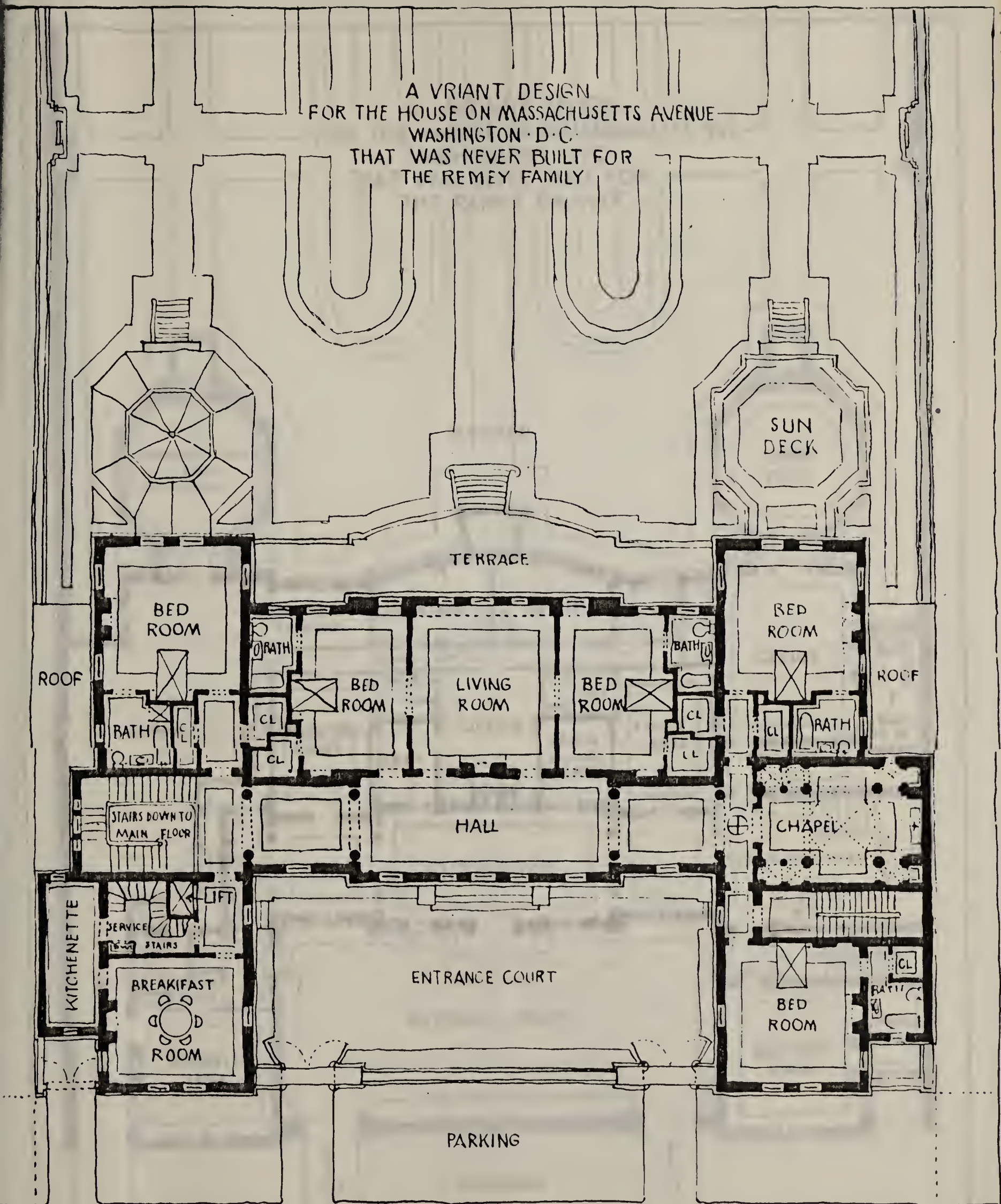
CMR.

A CORRECTION TO THE  
 PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
 AS PASSED BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
 ON APRIL 10, 1890





A VRIANT DESIGN  
FOR THE HOUSE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
WASHINGTON · D · C  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT FOR  
THE REMEY FAMILY

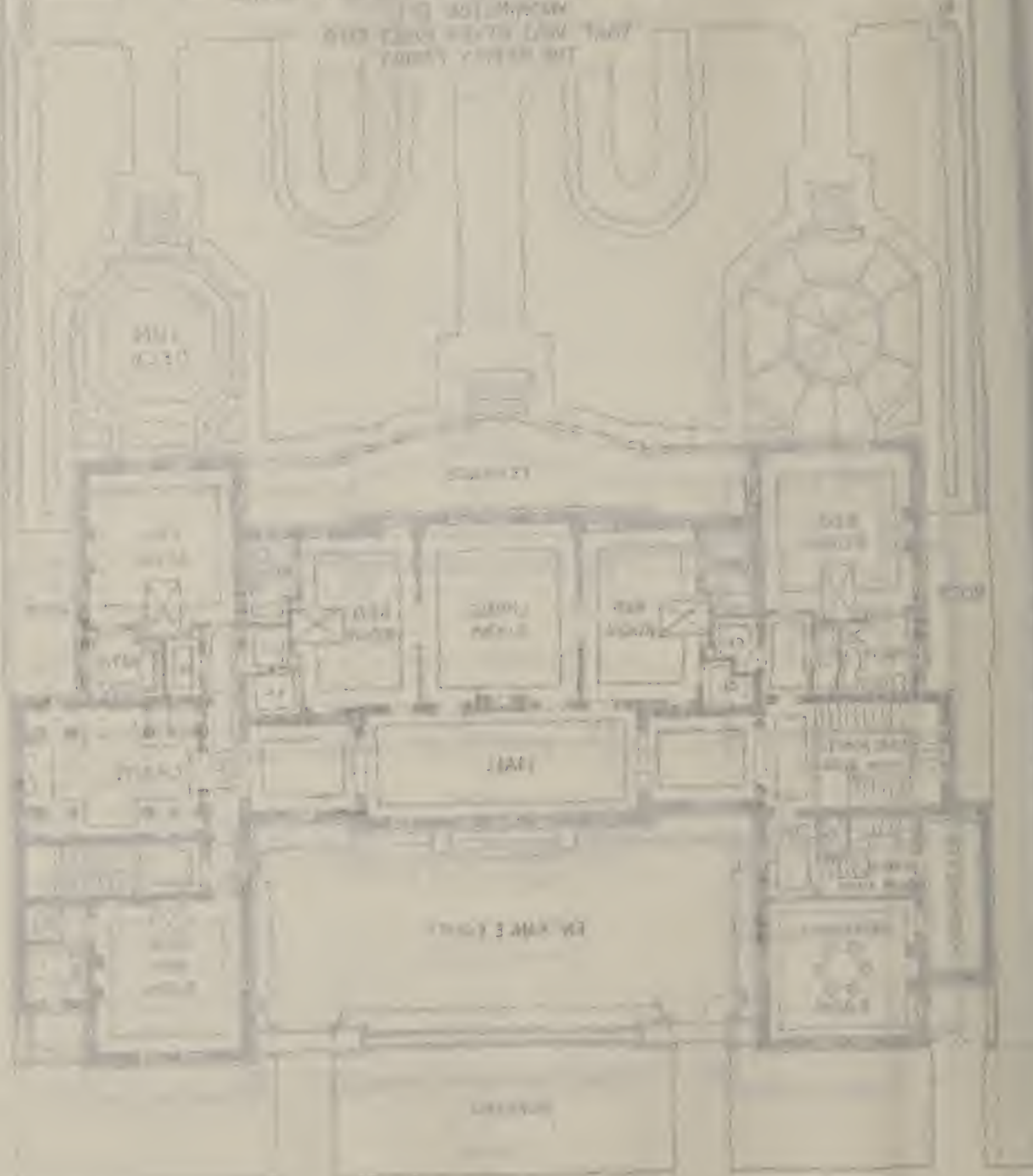


BED ROOM FLOOR PLAN

SCALE OF FEET OPPOSITE

C.M.R.

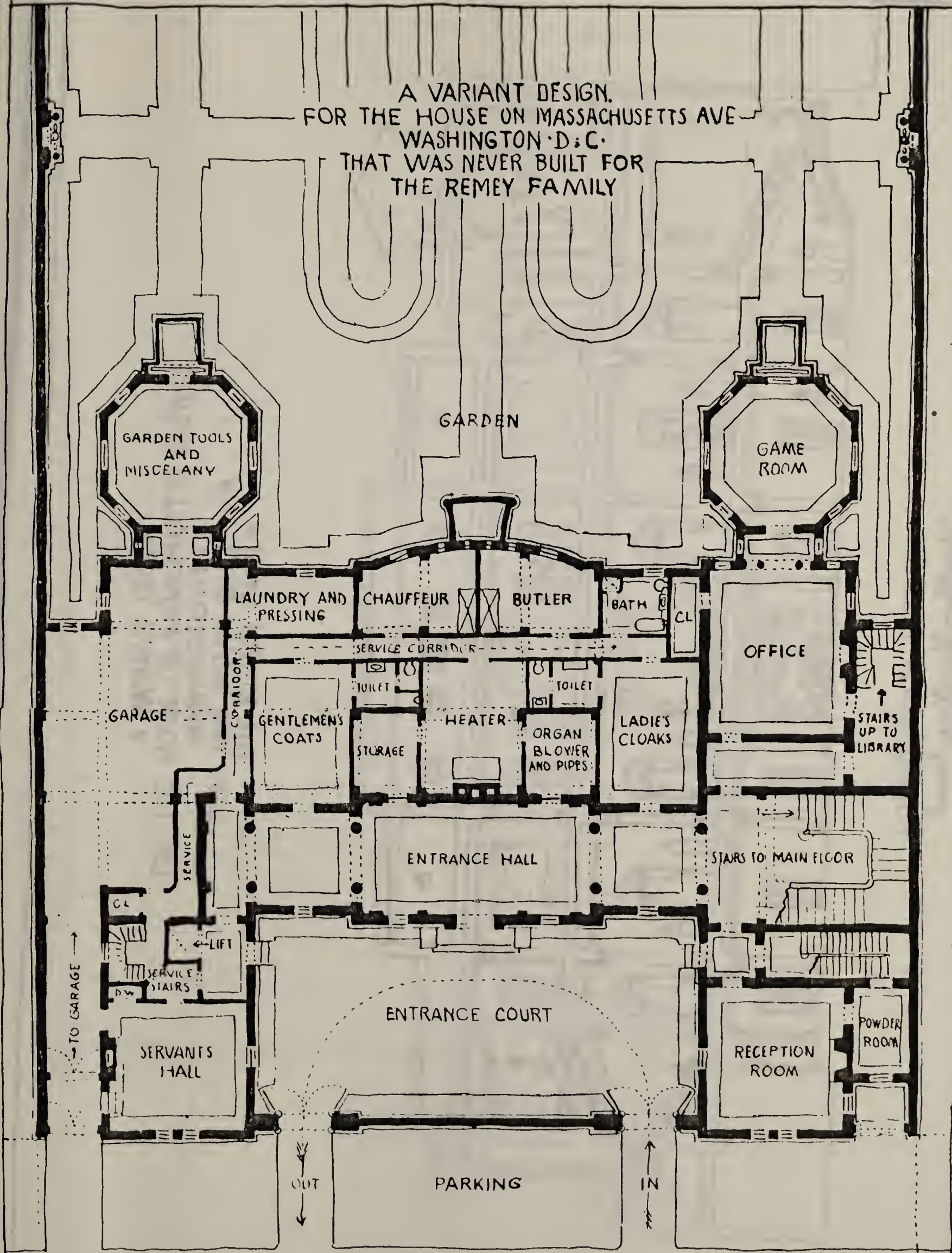
DRAWING NO. 100-100-100  
 FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
 DEPARTMENT OF PLANNING  
 100-100-100



DRAWING NO. 100-100-100  
 FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
 DEPARTMENT OF PLANNING  
 100-100-100



A VARIANT DESIGN.  
FOR THE HOUSE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVE  
WASHINGTON D.C.  
THAT WAS NEVER BUILT FOR  
THE REMEY FAMILY



ENTRANCE FLOOR PLAN

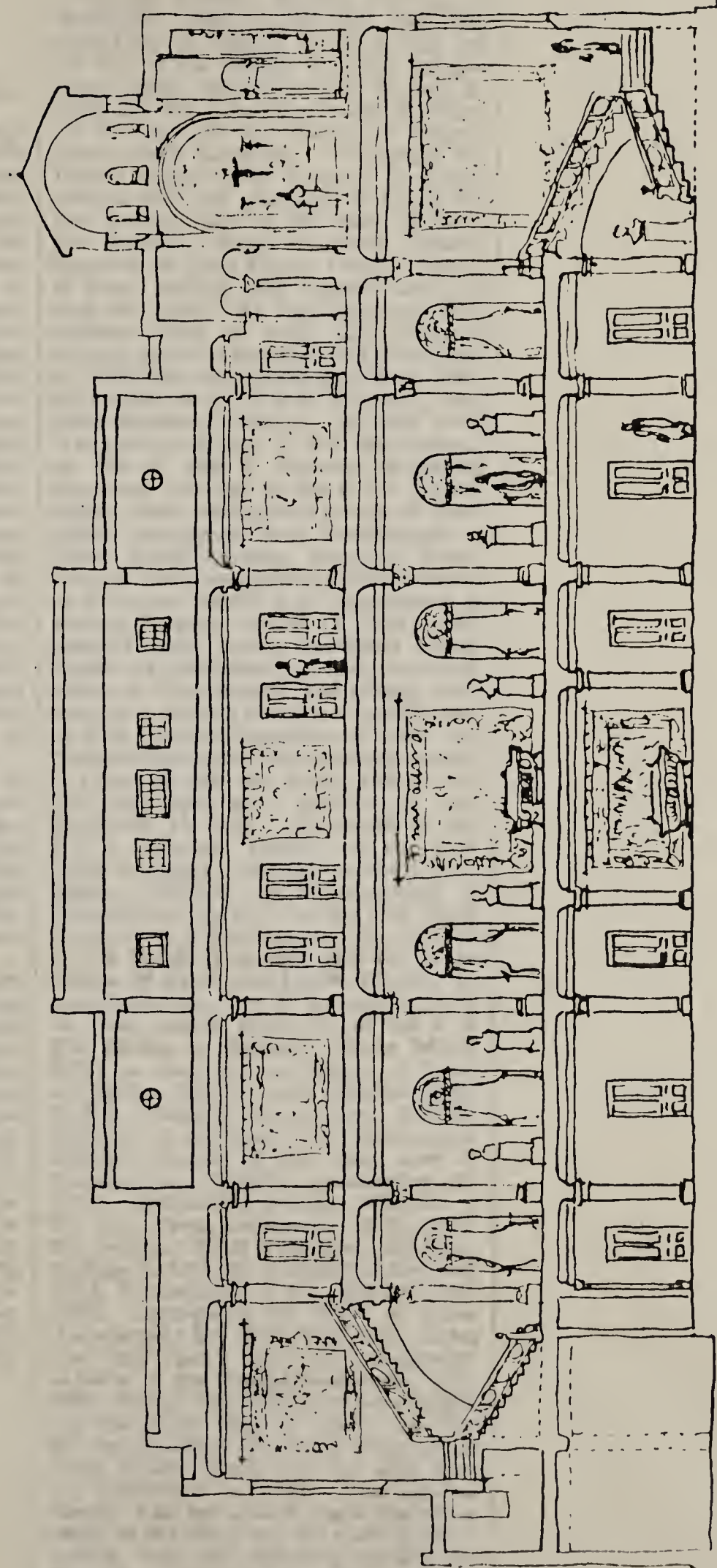
SCALE OF FEET OPPOSITE

C.M.R.





A VARIANT DESIGN  
 FOR THE HOUSE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
 WASHINGTON·D·C.  
 THAT WAS INEVER BUILT FOR  
 THE REMEY FAMLY



LONGITUDINAL SECTION  
 0 10 15 20  
 SCALE IN FEET





## CHARLES MASON

of Washington, D.C., and Burlington, Iowa

Charles Mason, the third and youngest son of Chauncey Mason and his wife Esther Dodge, was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, October 24, 1804. He graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point at the head of the class of 1829, in which class were noted officers, who later fought on both sides in the War between the States; among them was General Robert E. Lee. Two years later Charles Mason resigned from the Army, studied law, travelled and prospected in the western states, and eventually settled in Burlington, Iowa. In 1838 he was appointed First Chief Justice of the Territory of Iowa, which office he held until his resignation in 1847. From 1853 to 1857 he was United States Commissioner of Patents at Washington. During his tenure of office he became the first head of a government department in Washington to give regular office employment to a woman, when he chose Miss Clara Barton to be his official secretary, contending that if a woman's work equalled that of a man she should have a man's pay. Thus he established a precedent now providing positions for thousands of women.

To the founding and development of law and order in Iowa Charles Mason devoted much time and energy. As the inscription on the tablet to his memory in the Old State House at Iowa City testifies, he was a 'Pioneer in establishing Law in the Territory of Iowa' and 'Principal Architect of the First Code of Laws of Iowa.'

The last twenty years of his life were spent largely in the study and promotion of questions of public welfare, upon which he lectured and wrote much for publication. He was among the pioneer advocates of temperance in the United States. Some of his articles thereon are incorporated in the series of his diaries, now preserved in the Historical Department of the State of Iowa. He travelled widely in this country and abroad, dividing his time principally between Burlington, Iowa, in the summer and the City of Washington, where he usually spent the winter. He died at his home at Burlington on February 25, 1882, survived by his daughter, Mary Josephine Mason Remey, the wife of George Collier Remey (later Rear-Admiral), United States Navy.

Rear-Admiral

GEORGE COLLIER REMEY,

United States Navy

(Taken for the most part from Who's Who in America, 1926-27.)

George Collier Remey was born in Burlington, Iowa, August 10th, 1841, the second son of William Butler Remey (of the line of the French Huguenot refugee Jacob Remy, who landed in Virginia in 1654) and his wife Eliza Smith Howland (of the line of the Mayflower Pilgrim Father John Howland). He entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1855 and graduated as one of the five honour men of the class of 1859. He married Mary Josephine Mason, daughter of Chief Justice Charles Mason, of Iowa, and his wife Angelica Gear, on July 8th, 1873. He was appointed Midshipman June 9, 1859, and promoted through grades to Rear-Admiral, November 22, 1898, and was retired August 10, 1903. He served on the U.S.S. Hartford, East India Squadron, 1859-61; and saw Civil War service on the U.S.S. Marblehead, on the N. and S. Atlantic Blockading Squadron, 1862-63; on the U.S.S. Canandaigua, 1863; participated in siege of Yorktown; engagement with Confederates at White House Landing, Pamunky River, June 29, 1862; engagements with batteries on Sullivan's Island, S.C.; engagement of Battery Wagner, August 17, 1863; commanded naval battery on Morris Island, August 23-September 8, 1863, bombardments of Forts Sumter and Gregg; commanded a division of boats in night attack on Fort Sumter, September 8, 1863, and was taken prisoner; spent thirteen months in Columbia Jail and Libby Prison, and was exchanged as a prisoner of war, November 15, 1864. He served on the U.S.S. Mohongo, 1865-67; at the U.S. Naval Academy, 1867-69; on the U.S.S. Sabine, 1869-70; on an expedition to Tehuantepec, 1870-71; at the U.S. Naval Observatory at Washington, D.C., 1871-72; on the U.S.S. Worcester, 1872-73; in the Bureau of Yards and Docks, 1874-76; he commanded the U.S.S. Enterprise, 1877-78; was torpedo instructor at the U.S. War College at Newport, Rhode Island, 1878; on duty in the Bureau of Yards and Docks, 1879-81; was attached to the U.S.S. Flagship Lancaster, 1881-83; stationed at the Navy Yard, Washington, 1884-86; Captain of the Navy Yard at Norfolk, Va., 1886-89; commanded the U.S.S. Charleston, 1889-92; Captain of the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H., 1892-95; member Naval Examining and Retiring Boards, 1895-96; commanded the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H., 1896-98, 1898-1900; commanded the Base of Naval Operations at Key West, Fla., 1898, during war with Spain; and was Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Squadrons, 1900-1902, during the Philippine Insurrection and the Boxer War in China. In 1902 he was appointed Chairman of the Light-house Board, which post he held until his retirement in 1903. Rear-Admiral Remey was for several years the oldest officer of the Navy and the ranking officer retired. After his retirement Admiral and Mrs. Remey spent their winters in Washington, D.C., and their summers in Newport, R.I. He died in Washington, D.C., February 10, 1928, survived by his wife and five children. Named in his honor was the destroyer the U.S.S. Remey, that had a distinguished record on the Pacific in World War II.











THIS RECORD OF HOUSES IS IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

CONTAINS THE WRITTEN TEXT EXPLANATORY OF  
THE DRAWINGS - PLANS, ELEVATIONS AND SECTIONS  
OF THE HOUSES  
WHICH SETS OF DESIGNS ARE ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY  
IN THE SAME ORDER AS PRESENTED IN THE TEXT.

VOLUME TWO

CONTAINS REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HOUSE  
ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE IN WASHINGTON  
WHERE THE MOTHER OF THE PRESENT GENERATION  
OF THE REMEY FAMILY  
MARY JOSEPHINE MASON REMEY  
SPENT HER LAST YEARS  
IN ADDITION TO WHICH IS A SERIES OF VIEWS  
OF THE HOUSE AT 10 PERSIAN STREET, HAIFA, ISRAEL  
WHERE CHARLES MASON REMEY  
PRESIDENT OF THE BAHAI INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL  
NOW LIVES TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL OTHER  
MEMBERS OF THIS BODY

A. D. 1958

56099







PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HOUSE

2440 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE NORTH WEST

WASHINGTON, D. C.



ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE  
 1000 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE BOSTON 1900  
 J. C. KODAK





ENTRANCE COURT YARD











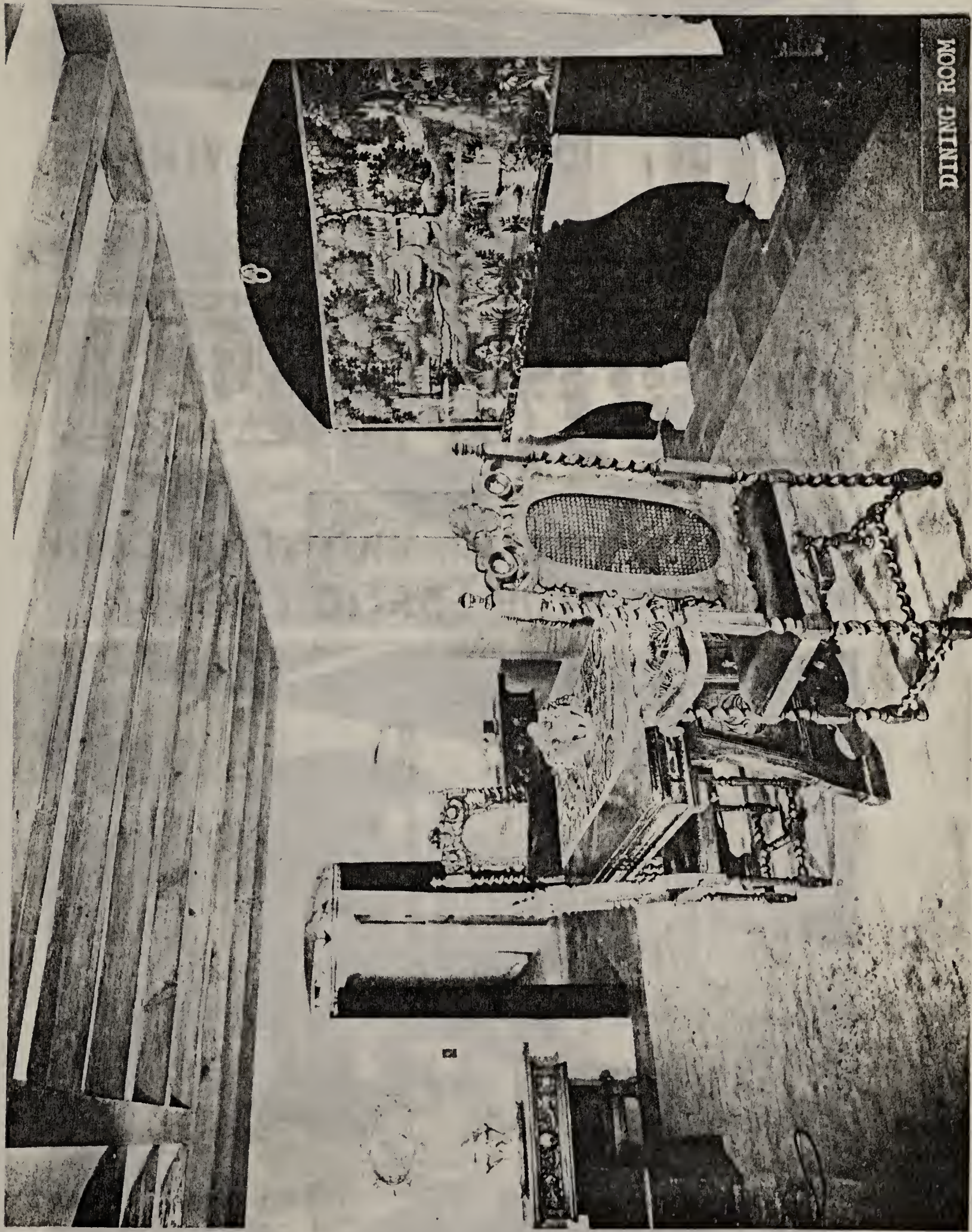








DINING ROOM











SPECIAL DINNER ARRANGEMENT



SPECIAL DINNER ARRANGEMENT

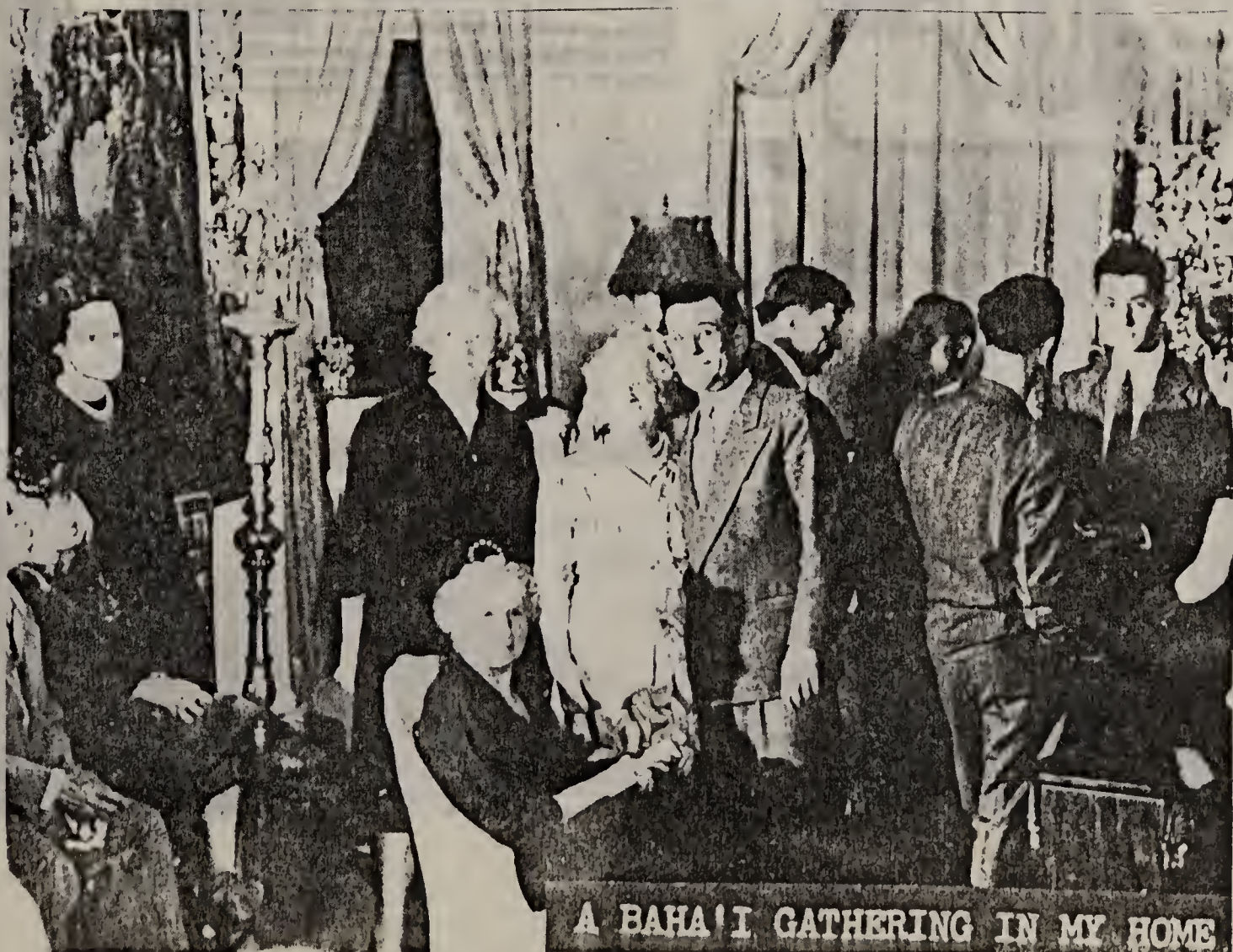








ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE



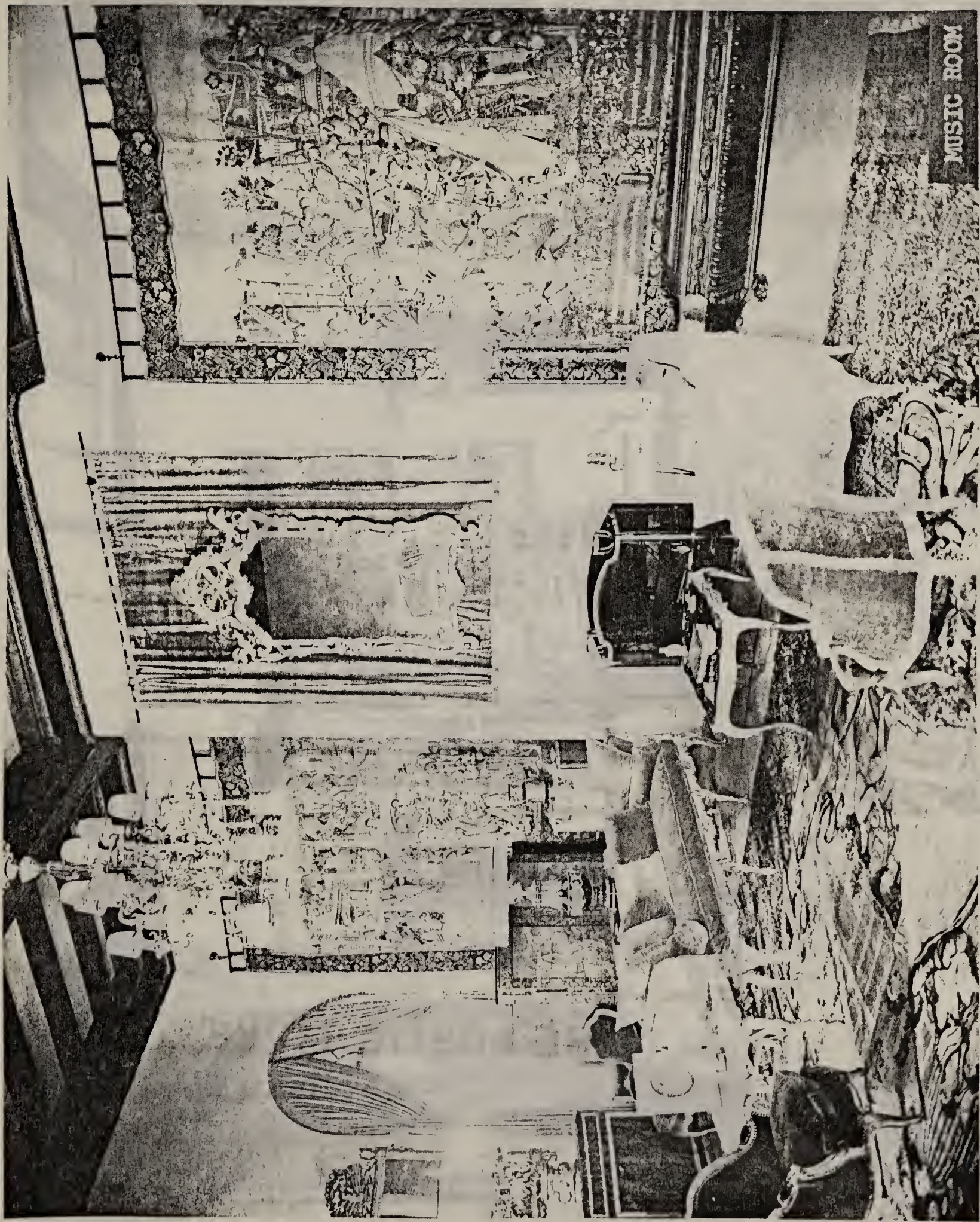
A BAHAI GATHERING IN MY HOME







MUSIC ROOM









MUSIC ROOM

























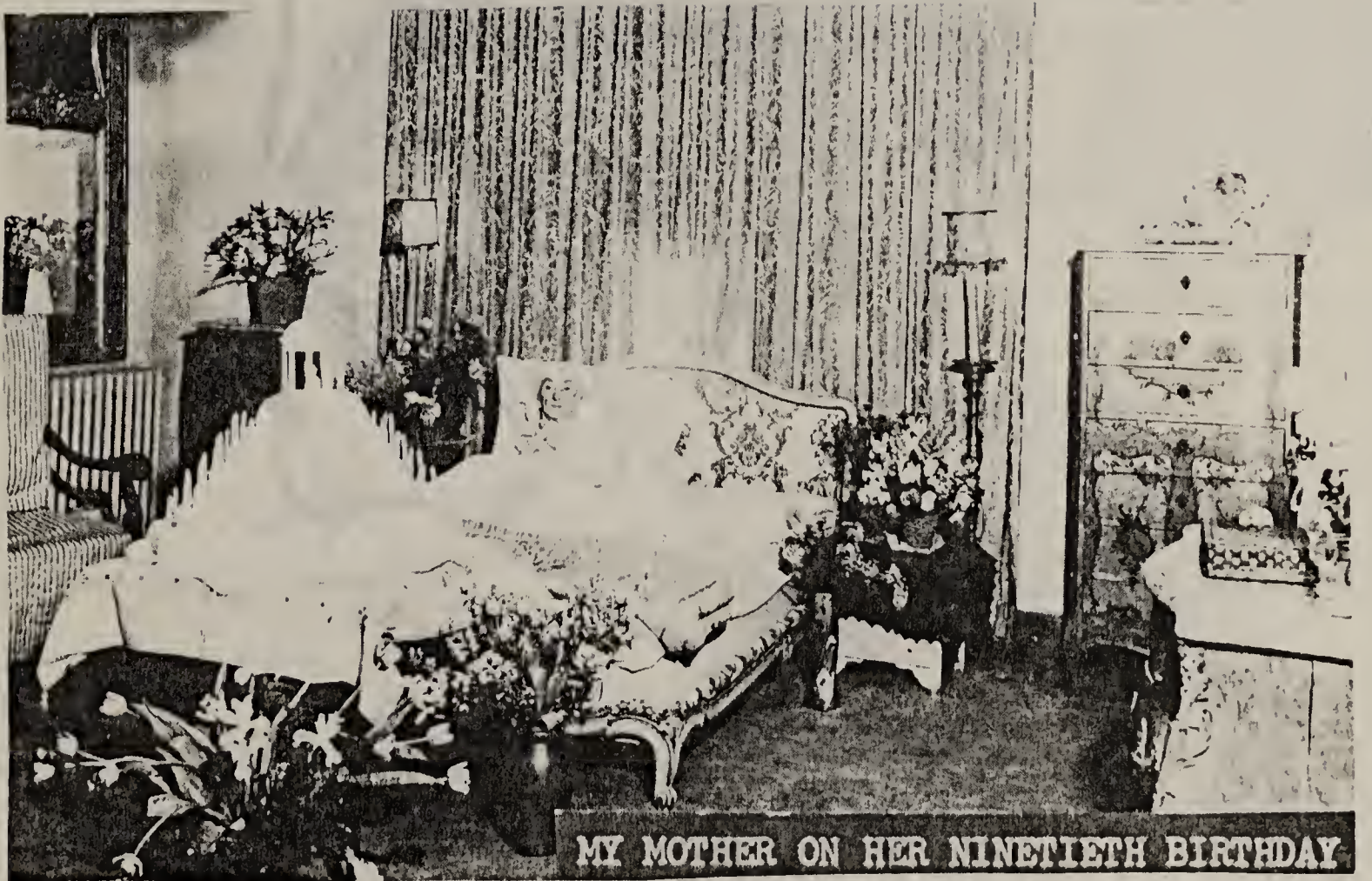
BED ROOM





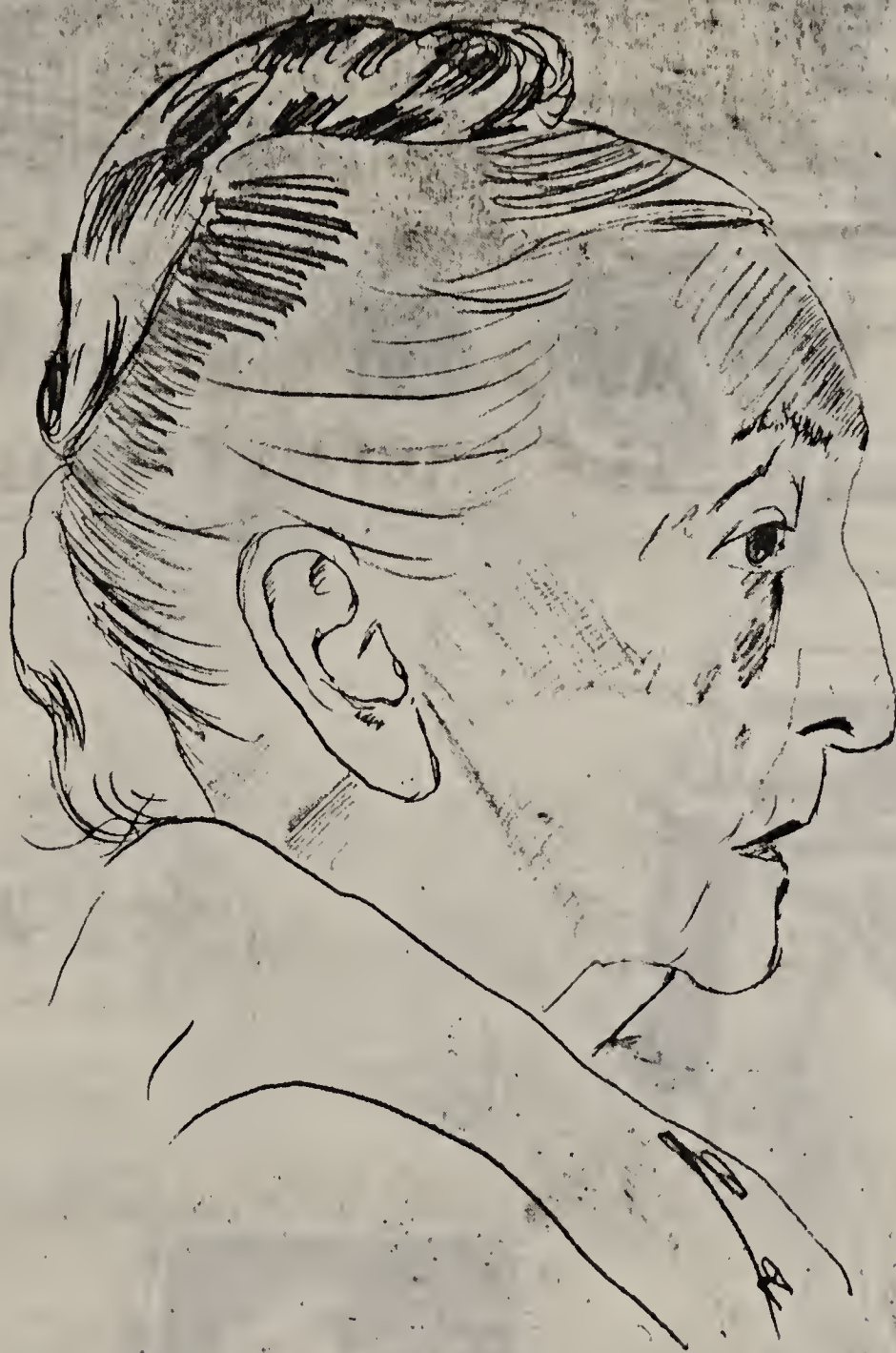












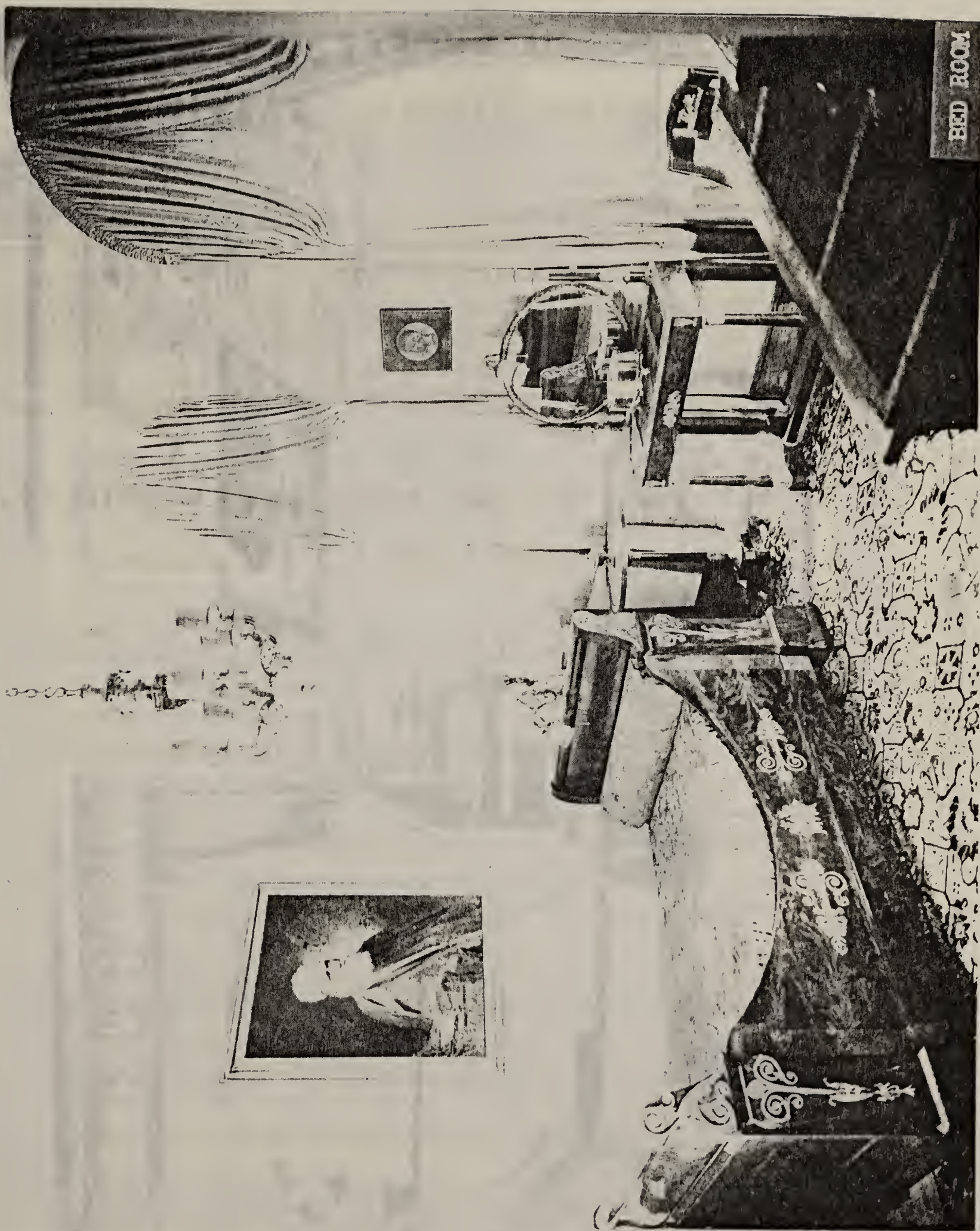
Felix V. de Weldon  
Oct. 1946

MY MOTHER IN HER NINETY SECOND YEAR



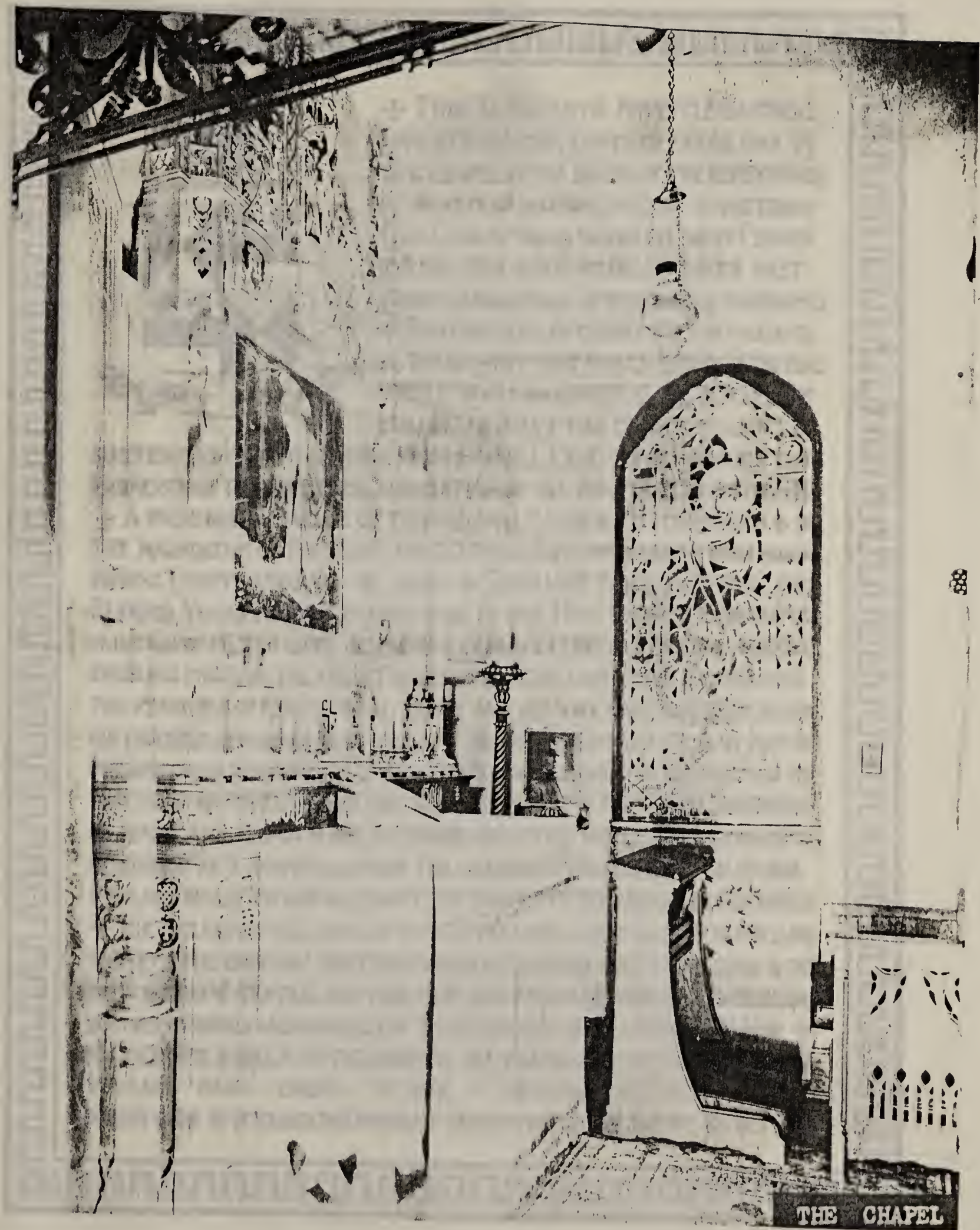
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS











THE CHAPEL







✠ THIS ALTAR WITH ITS ECCLESIASTICAL APPURTENANCES, THAT FOR YEARS WAS IN THE CHAPEL IN THE HOUSE OF THE REMEY FAMILY IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD MCMLV IS PLACED IN CHRIST CHURCH BURLINGTON · IOWA · WHERE IN TIMES PAST THREE GENERATIONS OF THIS FAMILY WORSHIPED

✠ THIS FREE AND OUTRIGHT GIFT IS FOLLOWED BY THE REQUEST THAT SHOULD EVER COME THE TIME WHEN IT GOULD NO LONGER BE HOUSED IN THIS BUILDING, OR IN ANOTHER CHURCH BUILDING TO

SUCCEED THIS CHURCH BUILDING IN THIS PARISH, THAT IT THEN BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE TOWN OF BURLINGTON

✠ A FACSIMILE IN MARBLE OF THIS ORIGINAL ALTAR WITH ITS REREDOS IS IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE REMEY FAMILY AT POHICK CHURCH GLEBE · TRURO PARISH FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ THE ALTAR PIECE PICTURING THE BLESSED VIRGIN MOTHER IN ADORATION OF HER HOLY CHILD IS A COPY OF THE PAINTING BY FILIPPO LIPPI OF FLORENCE

✠ ✠ IN THE TWO FANCIFUL MEDIAEVAL KNEELING FIGURES - THE KNIGHT IN ARMOR AND THE LADY - ARE REPRODUCED

THE FEATURES OF REAR ADMIRAL REMEY AND HIS WIFE MARY JOSEPHINE MASON HIS LIKENESS IS SUPPORTED BY THE U · S · NAVAL EMBLEM AND HERS BY THAT OF

THE RED CROSS REMINISCENT OF HER SERVICE IN WORLD WAR I IN RECOGNITION OF WHICH SHE RECEIVED THIS DECORATION

✠ ✠ ABOVE THE FIGURES ARE THE SHIELDS OF REMEY AND MASON

✠ ✠ THE FIGURE ABOVE THAT PICTURES ST · JOHN THE BAPTIST IN BOYHOOD AS A SHEPHERD, BEARS THE LIKENESS OF THEIR SECOND SON GEORGE

HOWLAND REMEY TO WHOSE MEMORY THE TRIPTICH OF THE REREDOS IS INSCRIBED

✠ THE ECCLESIASTICAL SHIELDS IN THE SEVEN PANELS THAT BACK THE RETABLE ARE THOSE OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESES IN WHICH THE REMEY FAMILY HAVE LIVED IN THE

PAST CENTURY ✠ CENTRAL NEW YORK · MARYLAND · NEW HAMPSHIRE · IOWA · RHODE ISLAND

SOUTHERN VIRGINIA AND WASHINGTON IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

✠ IN OTHER PANELS OF THE REREDOS ARE THE SHIELDS OF THE FAMILIES OF HOWLAND · GEAR · DODGE · BUTLER · WETMORE AND TILLEY FROM WHOM WERE DESCENDED THE PRESENT GENERATION OF THE REMEY FAMILY ✠







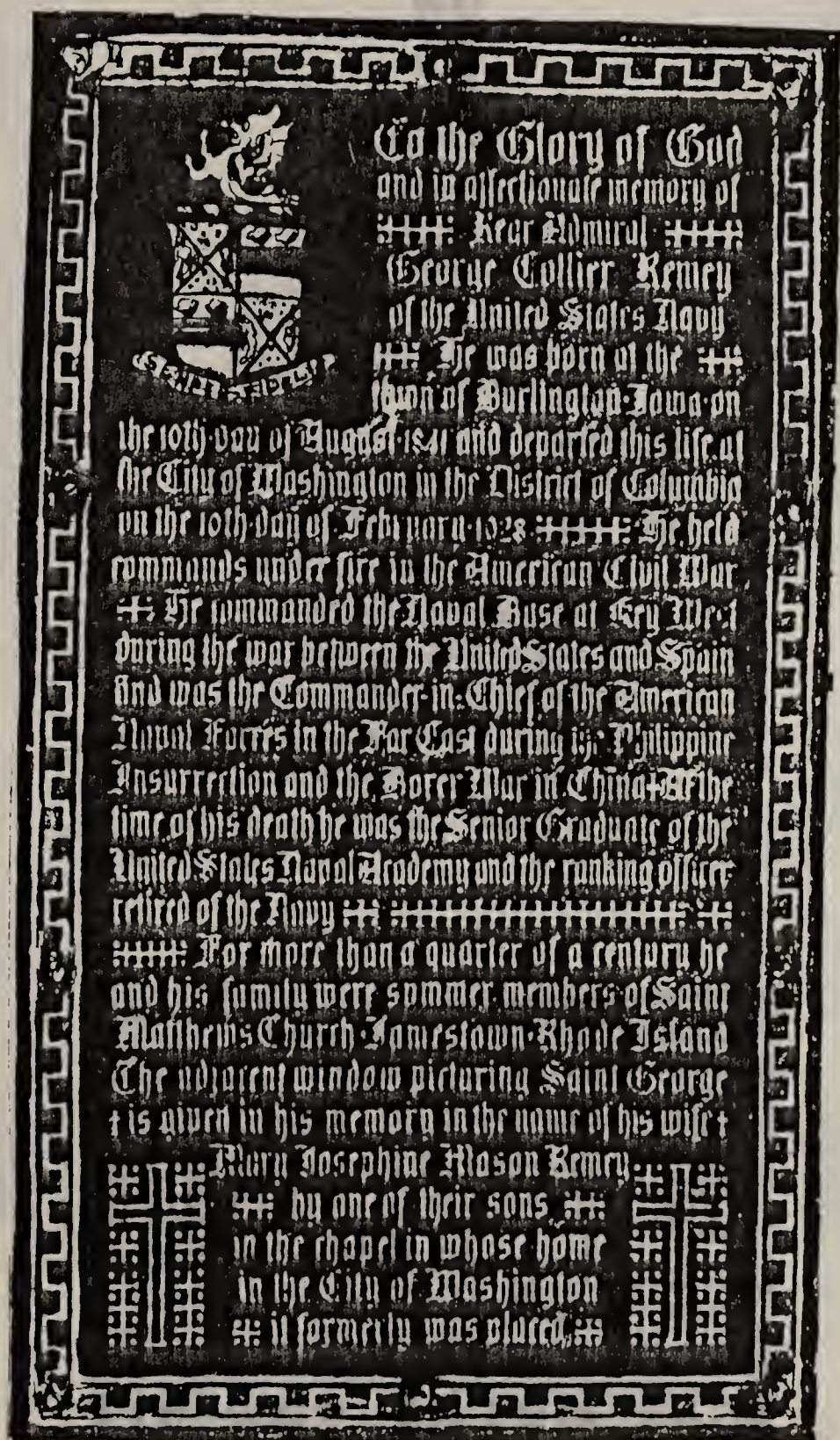


THE CHAPEL WINDOW



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN





TABLET IN SAINT MATTHEW'S CHURCH JAMESTOWN. R.I.



TABLET IN SAINT MATTHEW'S CHURCH, JAMES TOWN, V.I.





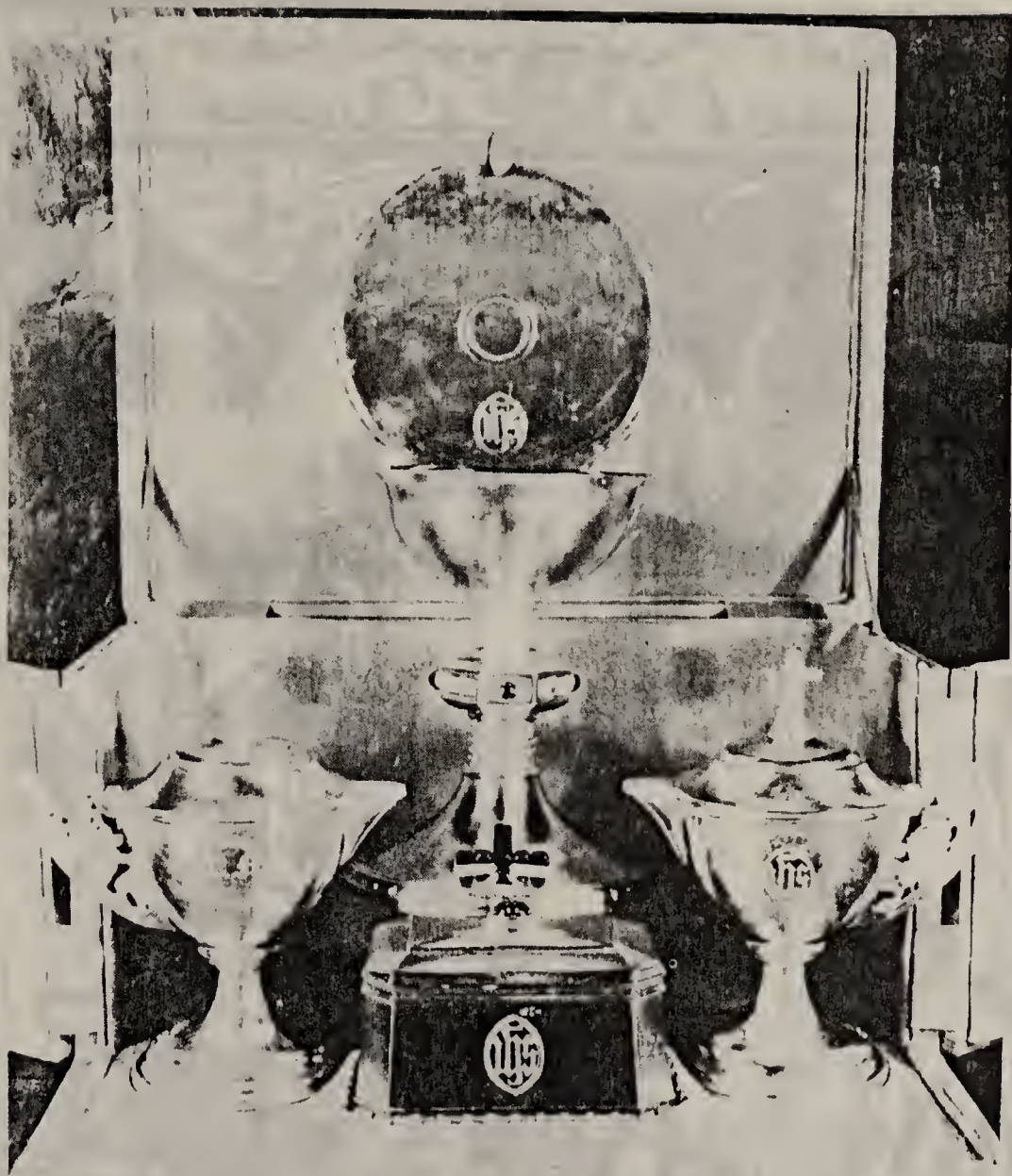
✠

Baptismal Bowl of the family of  
 George Collier Kewey and his wife  
 Mary Josephine Mason Kewey +  
 +++++ Their children Baptized therefrom +++++  
 Charles Mason. 1874. ++ William Baller. 1881  
 George Howland. 1876. + Mary +++++. 1881  
 Angelica Gear. 1879. + John Terry. 1890  
 ++ Their grandchildren Baptized ++  
 ++ John Kewey Wadleigh. 1915 ++  
 ++ George Kewey Wadleigh. 1920 ++  
 Placed in The Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul  
 on Mount Saint Alban in the City of Washington  
 in the hope that it will be used in the  
 administration of the Sacrament of  
 Holy Baptism to the sick. A.D. 1925.

✠







THE REMEY FAMILY COMMUNION SERVICE



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

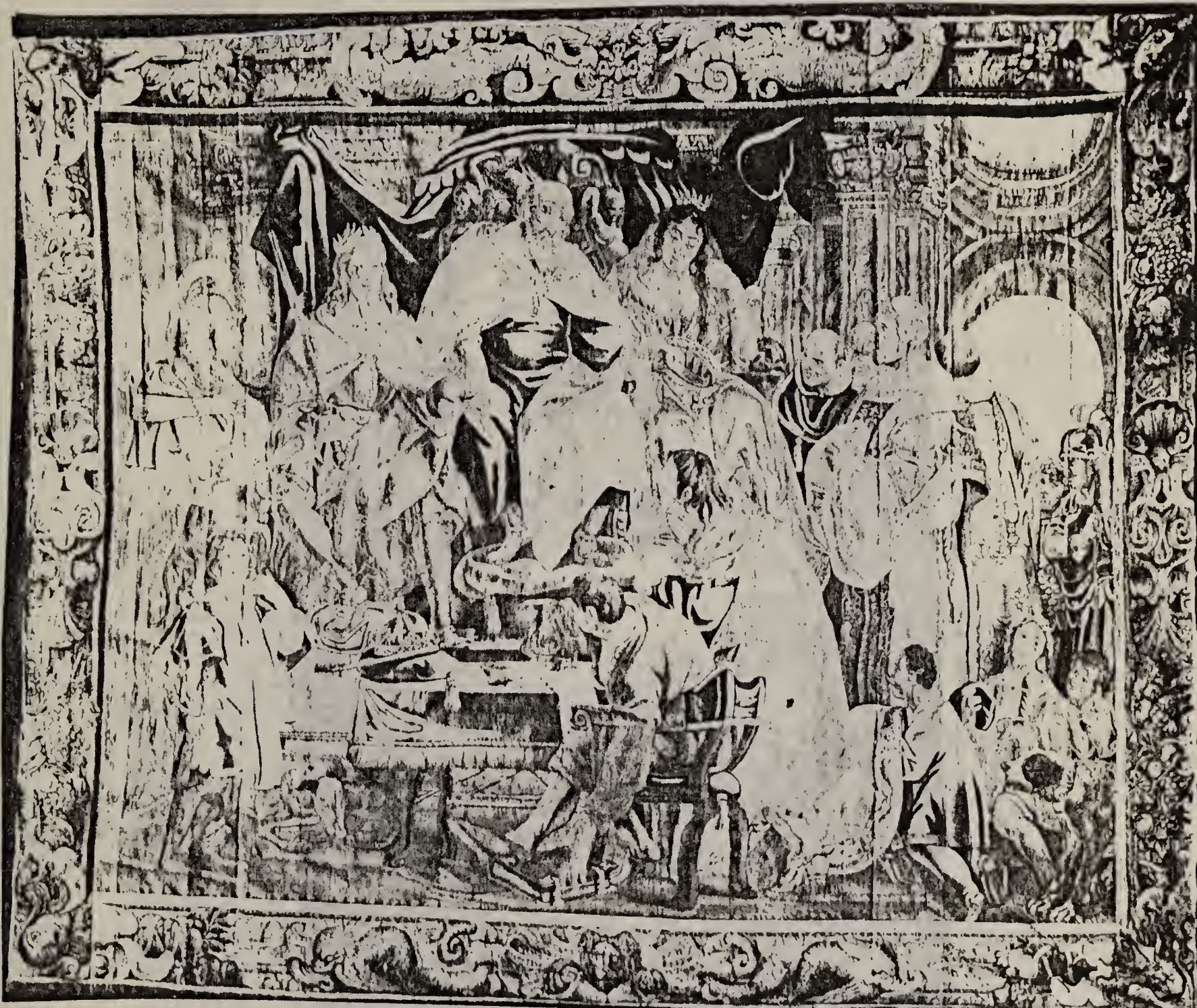
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





THE CHARLES V TAPISTRY









THE PERSIAN PICTURE RUG





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GARDEN

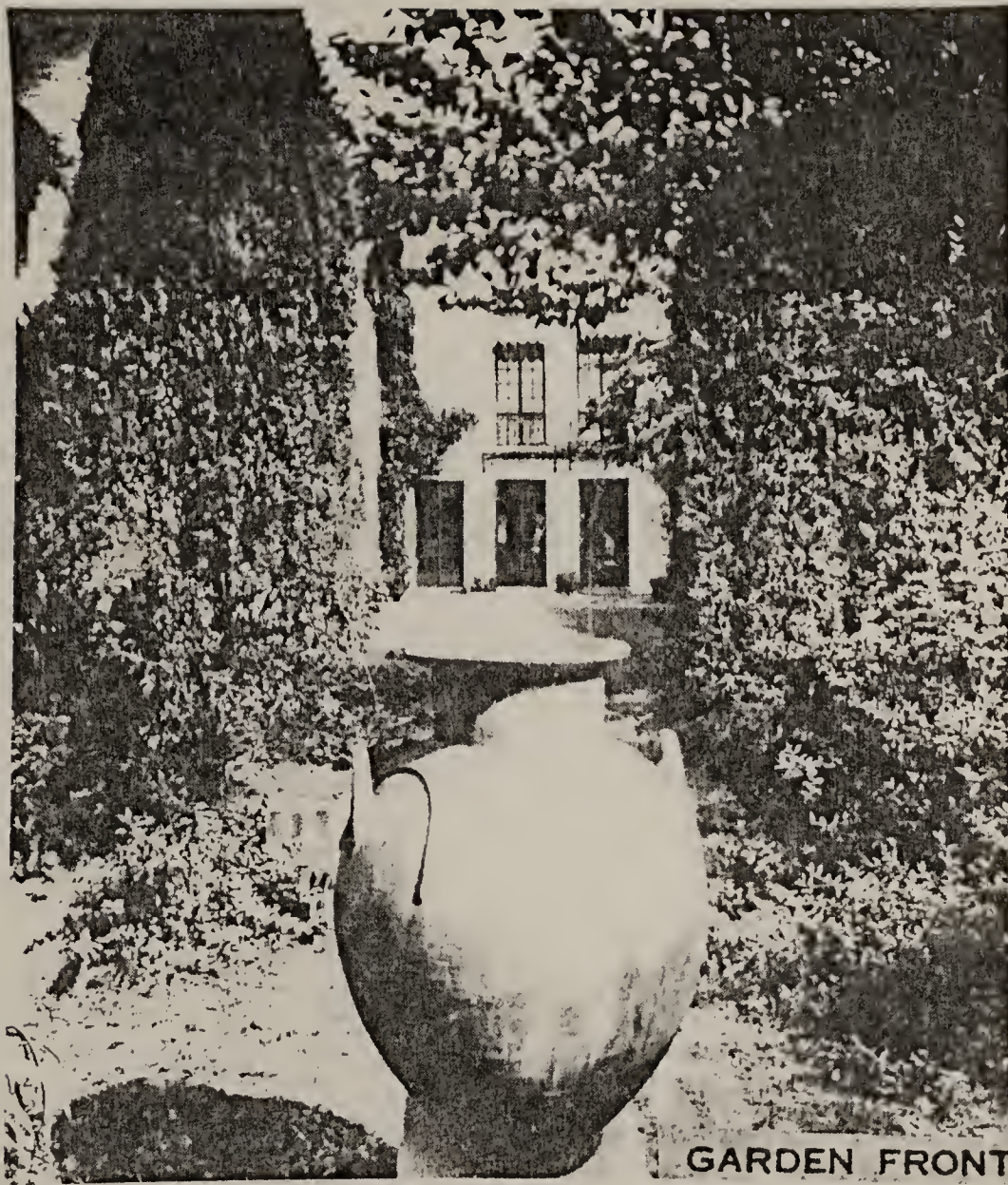


GARDEN









GARDEN FRONT



















